

STANSTEAD-COLLEGE

ANNUAL

1936



This issue of the Stanstead College Annual is respectfully dedicated to A. Harlow Martin, who for so many years has faithfully served the College.

A. HARLOW MARTIN

Musician, Citizen, Friend

In frequent visits to Stanstead and Lake Memphremagog it is always a pleasure to anticipate a talk about old times with my friend whom I affectionately call "Uncle Harlow" Martin. And, of course, I am the only one of many who like to find him in his old haunts, ready to welcome the old friends—students and teachers—whose voice he never forgets.

It was a great day for Stanstead when Mr. and Mrs. H. Martin arrived and took a room at Bugbee—a more important day than we at the time realized. For a new, forceful personality came into the College that day, which was to have a deep influence upon the whole community.

He began with the music department which sorely needed new leadership. Under his direction The Eastern Townships Conservatory of Music has become a dignified and important institution which is recognized throughout the whole province. Its equipment, its curriculum, and its high standard of performance are proof of Mr. Martin's passion for efficiency and thoroughness.

One never had the slightest doubt about the adequate preparation of students for examination or for public appearances. We knew that all musical enterprises were perfectly safe in his hands. Mr. Martin's association with any project gives one a feeling of satisfaction and confidence.

His capacity for detail is boundless, his energy indefatigable, his sense of justice and fair play unquestioned, and, with it all, he is highly gifted with practical common sense.

I venture to say that few students during the past thirty-six years have gone out of Stanstead without a profound respect for the sterling character of the man who for so long a time has combined musical genius with a fine Christian philosophy of life.

We former students are glad to join in expressing our thanks to Mr. Martin for his rich services to the old school and in our hope that he and Mrs. Martin may have the best kind of happiness in the days to come.

—P. S. Dobson.

STAFF CHANGES

"What we have we hold" is the motto of Stanstead College with regard to its staff, this year being no exception, since all but two of the teachers will return to their duties here next September.

Miss Gwen Hodgson, who has been in charge of violin instruction in the Conservatory, retires this June after a term of three years at the College. Miss Hodgson who has made many friends in the College and in the community plans to go to England to pursue higher studies in music.

Mr. J. A. B. McLeish, B.A., leaves us after one year's service as History master. It is with genuine regret that we see Mr. McLeish leave, as he has proved himself a very acceptable member of our College family. Mr. McLeish has accepted a position with one of the Montreal schools so that he may continue his studies in the Graduate Faculty at McGill.

While we are sorry to part with friends we have come to know and like, we nevertheless look forward with pleasure to meeting the two new members of our staff.

The new violin teacher is Miss Hilda Peck, Muc. Bac., of Acadia University. Miss Peck is very highly recommended both for her personality and for her musical ability. Of her the Provost of Acadia has written: "I know of no young woman that I could recommend more heartily for a teaching position in a residential school."

Replacing Mr. McLeish is Mr. L. K. McCaig, B.A., of Bishop's University. Mr. McCaig is not unknown to the College, as we have on more than one occasion dealt with him in his capacity as manager of rugby at Bishop's. Mr. McCaig has been connected with "The Mitre," with the Bishop's Dramatic Society, and has been on the Students' Council. All these qualifications will serve him in good stead at Stanstead College. In Academic work Mr. McCaig has specialized in English and History and has always stood well in his classes.

So we say Au Revoir and Good Luck to Miss Hodgson and to Mr. McLeish, and Bienvenu to Miss Peck and to Mr. McCaig.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new . . . "



S. W. C. MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE

Standing from left: "Bob" Haberer, "Bill" Pope, J. A. B. McLeish (Consulting Editor), Stanley Beerworth, Jim Rahr (Editor), John Tilton, Philip Poaps, Don Poaps.
 Sitting from left: Margaret Walsh, "Peggy" Brooks, Frances Todd, J. D. McFadyen (Bus. Mgr.), Margaret Hewson, Eleanor McNutt, Barbara Bliss.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE ANNUAL

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CANADIAN LITERATURE

(The following leading article has been written especially for the Annual by Mr. David M. Legate, Assistant Literary and Dramatic Critic of the Montreal Star, and a prominent alumnus of the College.)

It was while a student of Stanstead that there developed within me, like a malignant cancer, a whole-hearted dislike of editors. At that time I remember submitting what I believed to be a very good piece of verse. The editor chose to consider it otherwise. At any rate, the poem never appeared. Now it may be suggested that, by his action what little reputation one could boast in one's extreme youth was thereby preserved. It is my contention, however, that, bad as it undoubtedly was, the publication of that little poem (I think it was called "Ode to Tomifobia") would have served to discourage me from further literary efforts. Thus would our self-styled Canadian literature have had, in the parlance of the vaudeville theatre, "a break."

Herein, I am inclined to think, lies the greatest of the many weaknesses with which Canadian writing, of whatever variety, is burdened. It is not that magazine editors and book publishers steadfastly refuse to encourage young men and women in the Dominion to write by rejecting their material: the case is precisely the reverse. Too many poetry chap-books, too many mediocre magazines, even too many books!

Naturally we must look to peculiar economic and geographical problems for a partial explanation of the almost consistent state of dullness in Canada's literary output. Overshadowed by the great nation below our southern border, our literature is as much affected as is the case in a good many other walks of life in this country. Most of all, perhaps, our writers are automatically led into imitative ways. An H. L. Mencken crops up in the United States and promptly miniature Menckens make their appearance here and there in the Dominion. A carping George Jean Nathan is read avidly by younger minds in Canada and a desire to go and do likewise invariably ensues.

This instinct of imitation, which hounds us in more respects than one, must of necessity sound the death-knell of any hope for a native literature. Only too completely are we dominated by publishers and publications of the U. S. A. with regard to the quality or lack of it which the work we submit must contain to meet with approval below the line. This is an economic fact which, for the present at any rate, cannot be entirely circumvented. But surely there is no need for us to become slaves to a foreign style or theme.

Canada, being comparatively youthful in the experience of nationhood, has been known to display those signs of an inferiority complex which usually appear in the form of a superior attitude. This is nothing more or less than a defense mechanism, and nowhere does it become so evident as in our realm of literary endeavour. We have for example, associations committed to the encouragement of a Canadian Literature. We are thus far too conscious of a desire to build a literature by hook or by crook. Obviously this is silly, though the obviousness of it does not seem to have dawned upon the rank and file of our novelists and poets and biographers.

It is all very admirable to be enthusiastic to the point of a disturbing anxiety. It is highly laudable to impress upon all of us the urgency of cultivating a native literature or a native drama. But we must remember that these things cannot be manufactured by associations, however numerous the meetings or whatever the extent of the inspirational addresses.

As often as not the retort is made, "It is easy to be critical." That is a plain statement of fact. The amazing part about it is that, as easy as it is, so few of us either care or manage to be. Better to cry down mediocrity, though it might mean the denial of our entire pen and ink output, than to foster such stuff in the vain hope that, by kindly and sympathetic treatment, some day genius will arise in all its fire and glory.

I have seen a contraption, which may be procured at a price from an ingenious gentleman in the United States, that, by the simple process of turning a cardboard wheel, will mechanically dish forth the essentials

of a short story or novelette. It gives one, by combinations and permutations, scores of plots, situations, characters and climaxes. And I have been given to understand that it is in widespread use today both in the United States and Canada. Our magazines and not a few of our books are filled to overflowing with the cut-and-dried inventions of this sort of machine or mind.

Money, of course, is a consideration in all things if we are to breathe and think. Therefore, one is bound, out of consideration for one's pocket-book, to keep one's finger on the pulse of the reading public and meet the demand accordingly. But let us not keep our finger on one specific pulse and let us not cater to one particular throb forever and ever.

I have said that Canadian literature today is characterized by an ineffable dullness. I insist that this is no exaggeration. Yet I admit the presence here and there across the Dominion of individuals or groups of thinking young men and women who are striving to tear themselves away from the copy-book variety of writing. We have among us poets who dare to be Daniels in the face of forceful, if not brilliant opposition. They seek what few of our fiction writers have apparently ever thought of seeking . . . a new form of expression and a less beatific and provincial quality of thought to be clothed by that form.

There are such people in Canada, though, of course, they represent an extremely small minority at the moment. It is upon them and the young men and women who have enjoyed the privilege of good education that there falls the duty of giving to Canada something worthy of the term "Canadian literature." This calls for a steadfastness of purpose, a dogged persistence in the matter of standing on their rights to fashion as the spirit moves and not as tradition dictates, and the nurturing of that critical faculty without which we might as well close up shop and join the rest on the nearest merry-go-round.

VALEDICTORY

"Tempus fugit": there was some time, a scant four years ago, when we of the graduating classes looked upon our graduation as an event so remote, and so far distant that we thought little about it, and with anticipation and eagerness longed for the day to come when we too, could terminate our schooling. The years have sped past, and that longed-for hour is at hand. Yet with what altered feelings do we now consider our parting! Yesterday we were anxious to leave—today, we view our last moments here at the old school with mingled sorrow and joy—sorrow at leaving, perhaps for forever, the beauty of these hills and valleys, the wealth of friendships which we have formed, and these scenes of so many happy hours.—joy at the opportunity afforded us of carrying on the traditions of our school.

We came here impersonal, disinterested pupils, whose one ruling passion was to get out as soon as possible. But the years have passed and witnessed a great change in our attitude. Stanstead College has, by slow degrees, become an integral part of us. Gone is the desire to leave; gone our feelings of indifference and disinterestedness, and instead there has grown up within us a deep and sincere affection for our college, and a love for her beauty, a respect for her traditions. And so it is with a feeling of genuine regret, a sense of losing something very dear to us, that we face our imminent parting with Stanstead College.

Mingled with our regret, there is no small measure of pride. We are proud of our school, proud of the tradition behind her; proud of the accomplishments of those who have gone before us; proud of the part she has played in the development of Canada. For sixty-four years, our old college has been turning out students prepared to do whatever might be required of them, even were it, as in the case of the Great War, to meet a premature end on a foreign field. And so, through out the years, the College has grown with Canada, has aided its development, and has contributed not a few of its leaders. Certainly we have a right to be proud of our school!

But when the thrill and glamour of graduation have gone, when commencement is but another pleasant memory of our years here, perhaps we shall be tempted to ask ourselves to what end have we been working, and if the time and labour have been worth the returns. We have completed four years of preparation for life. We have read a few lines of Cicero and Vergil, we know the Pythagorean Theorem, we understand Archimedes Principle,—but being able to scan a line of Latin poetry, or being able to prove that in a right-angled triangle the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, help us to be better citizens, to get jobs, to rear families?

Looking at this question from a purely worldly standpoint, we find that a high-school graduate is capable of earning one hundred thousand dollars more in a life-time than one who has not had this benefit. I cite this not as an argument for going to school, but rather as evidence of the respect accorded to, and demand for educated men in this age of business. This alone would indicate that education is a good investment.

However, I cannot help thinking that there are things which a school, and especially this school has to offer one, which cannot be valued in dollars and cents. I speak of good habits, sincere friends, and an upright character. It is during the most crucial and most difficult years of a pupil's life that he is trained by his high school. It is a tremendous responsibility which the school takes on in giving the students the background, the fundamental principles and habits with which he will ever

after have to live his life. For the outlook, the attitude which he forms between the ages of fourteen and eighteen will determine what type of citizen, and how well prepared to meet life's problems and exigencies, he will be.

There is today in the world, a deplorable amount of specialization—from the factory worker, who has merely to be able to start and stop his machine, to the great doctors and lawyers who deal with only one small phase of their profession. The former has been roundly condemned by all thinking people, the latter is inclined to be overlooked. Nevertheless it is as serious and as dangerous to have a man's mind become restricted and narrowed by thinking on one line, as it is by working on one thing.

We do not however, deny that there should be, that there have to be specialists in order to have any progress, but when nearly ninety percent of the working population is so, it tends to give them a rather narrow and restricted outlook, and to destroy the unity in the business world. This trend is seen, too, in school and colleges, especially in the United States, with the inevitable result that their graduates can think, talk, and work along one line, and that line only.

And when we consider how everything in this world is intimately inter-related, we are inclined to question the sagacity of this type of preparation. And while a citizen must know the most about his chosen profession, yet it is essential for the successful living of his life, that he know something besides that subject by which he makes his livelihood.

Stanstead College is unique for many reasons, but above all she overshadows that type of school which narrowly offers its students but the routine subjects to prepare them for all the toils and hazards of life! It is well known what attitude this college has taken toward that type of preparation. A student graduating from here can boast a knowledge of music, of the essentials of business, of the classics and of the sciences. We have taken a great step towards reaching the goal expressed in the slogan of the Music Department—"To know something about everything, and everything about something."

The friends we have made here at Stanstead, while we may see them but rarely, will always be our friends, and friends on whom we can rely, friends in whom we can confide. For these acquaintances and friendships formed in school are rendered stronger by the tie of mutual affection for the Alma Mater, and throughout the years to come, we shall still cherish the contacts we have made here. And while time may dim our memories, it can never weaken the bond between two alumni of Stanstead College.

And so, in closing, I would, on behalf of the graduating classes of

1936, try to express our deep appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Amaron and the staff for their help and advice, but above all for the personal and interested way with which they have given it, throughout our years here at Stanstead. We hesitate to give the undergraduates council against committing those sins and transgressings which we have so consistently been guilty of, and which you, too will do in spite of what may be said or done. The ability lies in you to make what you will of your years here at the old college, those in charge will give you help and advice, your parents have given you the time, to you alone is the task and duty of making the best possible use of them.

And so as we take our leave of our Alma Mater, we thank her and all concerned with her for what has been done for us, the friendships which have been given us, the happy memories of our days here, our attitude towards life, and above all, our preparation for life. And may our parting words be not "good bye" but "au revoir."

ON CONVERSATION

Someone once said that not to be able to talk well, is to miss one of the highest privileges that make life worth living, because society is based on mutual intercourse, and intercourse is impossible without the gift of conversation. Since then, however, the world has made enormous strides, in social custom as well as in science. In the days of Pepys and Johnson, profound thought and fluent address made one always the centre of an admiring throng. But passing generations have seen a change. No longer is intelligent conversation the key for admission into the best society; to shine among the bright lights of the social world one need no longer be able to talk well; in fact, the art today is frowned upon as something unnecessary, and quite out of keeping with the spirit of modern society.

How often are we so unfortunate as to be thrown into contact with a young lady, whose ambition it is to become a master of conversation; whose tongue functions as though it were pivoted at the middle, and loose at both ends; from whose mouth gushes a stream of words almost as rapid as it is meaningless!

"But still her tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease:
And with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack."

The tragedy of it is that the sweet young thing says nothing, and fails to produce the effect she so earnestly desires. How often are we afflicted by the company of the ponderous young man, whose mind is as overburdened with learning as his speech is lacking in originality, in whose

conversation, correctness and conventionality have left no room for thought. "His words fly up, his thoughts remain below." Those people who say nothing because they try to talk too much are as uninteresting as those other people who in general conversation say nothing because they have nothing to say. In fact we sometimes prefer the latter; they are less tiresome.

"Words learned by rote, a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse."

There are two requisites to intelligent conversation. In the first place one must have something to say, and, failing this, one's mouth should be tightly closed. "Where words are scarce they're seldom spent in vain." Society can be roughly divided into three classes according to the three types of conversation that exist. In the lowest class we place those who always talk about people, including themselves. Slightly higher are those who talk about clothes, football games, dances, and such like. The noblest type of conversation is conversation about ideals, and about this type we must confess ourselves ignorant, because it is so scanty in this world.

But granted that we have something to say, the next requirement of conversation is the ability to say it. Unfortunately, however, this ability has been given to few people in modern society, and it is not an easy thing to attain through study. But for those of us who are so fortunately gifted, perhaps the best policy to adopt is one of abstinence from conversations, when we have nothing to say, nor the ability to say it.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."

—A. MacLeod, XI.

ON HEARING THE ALARM CLOCK

It is a cold, dark, dreary morning, the sort of morning, common to February. The alarm rings, a horrid, loud, clanging noise, and you grope wildly for the clock. You do not remember exactly where it is, and you are too sleepy to open your eyes to see. Did you put it on the dresser, or did you leave it on the table? Finally, after some long seconds of this mental exercise, you open one eye to see the object of your disgust perched obstinately on the far end of your dresser. You cannot reach it without getting out of bed, and, with the window open, to leave your present resting-place would be like leaving a well-heated house to sit in a snow-drift.

Ah! The solution! You carefully extricate one pillow from all those around you, and, by aiming correctly, you need not worry about your alarm-clock, on this (or any other) morning.

—Joan Peat, IX.

IN DEFENCE OF THE WANDERLUST

In our times of oil and electricity as the chief locomotive powers of travelling, the old expression "wanderlust" is slowly gaining for itself a permanent place between the pages of the dictionary, there to be stored away with the unjust word "obsolete" attached to it. To be sure, many a romantically minded traveller of modern style has reminiscently applied the word to his own mode of skimming over the country at a brisk clip. But such practice is absurd, since no modern traveller would ever dream of slowing down his nickelplated vehicle in order to taste some of that wholly delightful feeling that lies hidden in the word wanderlust.

Curiously enough, in these, our times of progress and ever-accelerated speed, this quaint old expression simply refuses to keep up with the rest of us. It will not be bullied into any other step but its own sedate progress. And since it is such an odd specimen among us, let us for a moment regard it.

Its very name, what does it suggest? And here we receive our first jolt. Its meaning is so wholly old-fashioned, so refreshingly unmodern that it will cost us some reluctance to bother ourselves with such an unimportant matter.

It smells of earth, rain, forest, and dust. But, you will say, that sort of smell we, too, get when we travel. Do we? We get more dust, without a doubt, but do we really get all these grand old natural smells in their full intensity? But we still have not penetrated to the real meaning of wanderlust. Why should it be so unmodern and odd? Has it really lost its power and charm among us? It has not, but one phase of it is waning.

Since ancient times bards and poets have described the beauties of spring; and not a few of these have sung about a mysterious urge in the human breast. It comes with each reawakening of nature, and drives man forth towards the unknown. It begins to stir in the depth of his soul when the air is sweet with the musty smell of sodden earth, the early birds chirp triumphantly, and the first tender blossoms peep hesitantly forth.

No one ever questioned its origin, for the simple reason that it must have lived in the earliest species of mankind. It expresses itself in a thousand different ways of which all seem to obey one urge and one desire, namely to move and to wander on.

Wanderlust is to men what the spring migration may be to the swallow. It is a primeval urge, and one of the few things that remains unalterably natural in us. It grips a man with alluring power, and makes him long for the winding road under the open sky, and the quiet paths

beneath budding branches. It is a power that lives within ourselves and will not change, nor will it be suppressed by circumstances, or varying modes of living.

There is one phase of this wanderlust that slowly becomes extinct. It is its original, most enjoyable form, that of wandering afoot. But why bother to walk, I hear you say, why progress so sedately, when the rest of the world flashes by in polished steel? Well, just herein lies the undeniable charm of it. To follow the road, to feel nature awake, to see it in every glistening blade of grass, and spreading young leaf, to live as close to nature as we were once intended to, in short, to be natural, that is the real wanderlust. It is not at all surprising therefore, that it should overcome us when spring breaks through the wintery world about us, for are we not also part of her great awakening? We are, or should be. We rise from drowsiness and fling the stiffness from us. We choose that time of balmy winds and friendly sunshine, reach for knapsack and staff and follow the inward call. And who would stay behind, between stuffy, damp walls? To be sure, most of us would, and, to top it, call the rest of us that would not, fools. But how infinitely more pleasant and invigorating it is to be thus foolish rather than correct. It does not really matter that the most delightful way of wandering, namely afoot, is in the decline. It is sad, but your true human will find other ways and means, as long as he can satisfy this age-old driving desire. What matters is that he feels it and gives his being wholeheartedly to its rousing call, for nothing in all the wide world, or our civilization, can ever replace it, and wanderlust will be, as long as earth will know a spring.

—J. Rahr, XI.

AUTUMN SONG

There's a breath of smoke—smoke of autumn fires—on the winds tonight,
And cloud-mists have gone from the autumn skies, and the stars shine
bright,

The pale moonlight streams over the road-side, green hedge, and the lawn,
And Adventure is waiting you over the hill, where the road winds on.

There's beauty enough and to spare for the lover of lovely things,
Near the moonlit path and the lea, and the glen where the streamlet sings;
There's a challenge upon the night-air and a plea in the night-bird's cry,
And Adventure is waiting you past the dark woods, where strange
shadows lie.

—J. A. B. McLeish.

SACRIFICE

A SHORT STORY

The aged prisoner caught only snatches of what the judge was saying.

She heard something about, " . . . Murder in the First Degree . . . morning of the 27th . . . until you are dead . . . mercy on your soul."

Strange that she should appear so happy. She seemed not at all interested in the proceedings or the words of the judge. It was if she were only one of the onlookers instead of the one receiving the death sentence. Even as she was led away to her cell, she still wore the same smile that had been so noticeable all through the trial.

But once she was alone her apparent non-concern left her, and asking for a pen and some paper, she asked that a message be delivered to a friend of hers.

A few hours later the person for whom she was waiting arrived. It was a young woman, beautiful and full of youthful vigour — a strong contrast to the graying hair and well-lined face of the older woman.

"Please sit down, Miss Grant. I want to thank you for coming to see me even though you may not know me."

"Why did you send for me? I don't remember ever meeting you. I never even heard of you before you became famous from your trial."

"I sent for you to tell you a story—a story of my life. You know there are times when it makes things easier to confide in someone else. You may wonder why I did not choose some friend instead of a stranger to talk to. In the first place I have no friends, and secondly *you* are closely connected to the climax of my story.

I know that to you I am loathsome and cheap—a murderess, but I was not always of such low character. My father was rich, and we had a beautiful home and all the luxuries of life. Father had his own ideas about whom I should marry, but I wanted happiness more than wealth or a title and I married my childhood sweetheart. This made father furious and he told us that we were not welcome in his home from that time on. But I was young and in love and I thought nothing else mattered if Fred and I could be together. It seemed that fate did not intend that I should be happy because a year later Fred was killed in a railroad accident."

The old lady wiped the tears from her eyes and paused for a long time before she continued her tale.

"Fred had not had much money and I was left almost penniless with a small son to bring up. For a time things went along smoothly, but soon the last of my money was gone and I was frantic to know what to do. I was too proud to ask help from father after he had turned us out,

even if he would have taken me back. When someone offered to adopt little Jimmy and give him a good home I could do nothing but accept. I hated to part with him, but I wanted to give him a chance at life that I could never give him.

"From then on with only myself to think of I sank lower and lower both in faith and character. I did most anything to get food and a place to sleep. It was a nightmare of nightclubs, liquor and jazz. After a time I even grew used to the insulting and insinuating remarks of the men I met. I changed my name and even my closest friends lost track of me, but there was one person whose life I followed always—my son's.

"Jimmy grew up to be a brilliant young man, and soon he was in a position which promised him an enviable career.

"There was one person who knew who I was and he knew about Jimmy too. I had never liked Jack Slade. Somehow I had never trusted him, and now my suspicions proved true. Slade began blackmailing me under threat of disclosing my identity to my son. Of course, such a disclosure would have ruined my son's happiness as well as his career, to learn that I was his mother, and so I began paying all my earnings to Slade to keep him quiet. But like all crooks he was not satisfied and one night after he had been drinking heavily he came to my apartment and demanded more money. We quarreled and though I did not intend to strike him I guess that I did because the next thing I remembered was seeing him lying still upon the floor. He had **struck** his head upon a corner of the table as he fell and he never recovered consciousness. You know the rest. You heard the verdict in court today. That is the story of my life."

The young visitor could not speak for some few moments, then she managed to say, "I am very sorry that your life has held so much unhappiness. I didn't realize that one person could have so much trouble. But how does all this concern me?"

"I will explain all that to you, my dear. You see I know all about you. You are engaged to the young Prosecuting Attorney who represented the State in case against me. It was his first big case and I am glad he won. I want you to be true to him and make him happy and never let him find out that he sent his own mother to her death when he won his first important case."

—Stanley Beerworth, B.B.C.

AGAINST THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I

Throngs of people gaped spellbound at the foot of a gigantic scaffolding on January 30, 1649, as they watched their misguided sovereign walk quietly out to meet his death. At that moment they did not see Charles I as a despotic, weak ruler, but they saw him as their sovereign, retaining all his regal dignity in this last extremity, confronting death with courage, and bravely refusing to plead before an illegal law court. His misgovernment and innumerable faults were forgotten. As his one-time subjects watched Charles Stuart's execution, a new love of monarchy and its dignity, as displayed by Charles at this moment, was born, and did not die, until a new and better monarchy had been formed.

Charles' political enemies had not only committed a crime, they had committed a grave error. His subjects looked upon him as a martyr going to his death, and they even compared his execution with the Crucifixion of Christ.

It is true that Charles' rule was a despotic rule, with constant quarrels with Parliament, but he had inherited a situation for which he was not responsible, and he was a victim of circumstance and heredity. He defended zealously the code of the divine right of kings, and the prerogatives of the crown as precious possessions, which had been handed down to him, and which he should hand down, intact, to his successors.

Charles was a naturally weak boy, and, as a man had but one friend, the Earl of Buckingham.

Consequently, Charles failed to appreciate other men's ideas, and had a warped view of the divine right of kings.

It is true that Charles ruled eleven years without the aid or advice of Parliament. But could Parliament have ruled by itself? Decidedly not, as has been shown in the years following Charles' execution.

The tyranny of Parliamentary government was far worse than Charles' most arbitrary rule.

Charles' execution was not only a crime, it was a futile crime. What ends did Parliament accomplish? By executing one man, they could not execute the line of Stuarts. Was not the rule of Charles II ten times worse than that of his unfortunate father? Not only this, but public feeling turned against Parliament for executing Charles without fair trial.

As Milton said, "It is lawful, and hath been held so through all the ages, for anyone to call to account a wicked king, and, after due conviction to put him to death." In this case there was no due conviction. The execution was carried through by Charles' personal enemies. And could the English people ever hope to look with respect on monarchy, after its exponent had been put to death in such an undignified way?

As the poet Montrose said, in his "Execution of Charles I":

"Great, good, and just, could I but rate
My grief and thy too frigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
That it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands than Angus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

—Barbara Lamb, XI.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Possibly I am prejudiced because I am a member of this generation, but I believe that the "Good Days" are now, and that the "Old Days" were not so good.

In the past generations, the father of the family was too often a person to be feared, and to be avoided, if possible, after some small prank, for fear of dire punishment. In this generation the father is a man to be respected but not feared. You can talk to him about your interests as you would to one of your companions, and he, too, enjoys your innocent pranks. In this instance, for one, we have the "Good Days" with us today.

Girls are freer and healthier in this generation than of old. Their dress is simple and more conducive to health. When they take part in sports they are not encumbered by long, swaying skirts. The girls in this generation take part in athletics of all kinds as their sister of former days did not.

In the past ages one lost connection with far-distant friends. A letter now and then, which took months to arrive and was an expensive luxury, was the only connection to be had. In this generation the postal service is highly efficient, inexpensive and speedy. This is not the only means of communication, however, for there are the telephone, telegraph and cable—all ready to link us with distant friends.

A great danger, that of fire, has been greatly reduced with the advent of electric lights and other electrical appliances. In the olden days there was the dangerous and ineffective candle, the sputtering oil lamp, and the treacherous gas jet which did not give good light and which caused deaths from time to time. In this generation we have the much safer electric light, which also gives the advantage of good lighting and therefore reduces eye-strain.

A few generations ago women were not educated, except to learn from their mothers the fundamentals of housekeeping. Women were not

admitted to universities, and a girl who earned her living was to be looked down upon. In this generation the women have the same opportunities as men in education. Their ability and skill is being recognized and they are admitted to all walks of life, and respected for their ability.

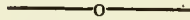
Then again, the housewife and mother is no longer a drudge. Her home is well-equipped with modern time-saving conveniences that the former generations did not have. Her work is now a pleasure,—something that can be done without back-breaking labour.

In the last generation child labour was permitted, and old and young often worked sixteen hours or eighteen hours a day in ill-lit, ill-ventilated factories at starvation wages. In our day a child is not lawfully allowed to work under the age of fifteen. The hours of all working classes have been shortened and their salaries increased. The factories and offices are now well-equipped with modern machinery; they are mostly clean and well-ventilated. Consequently, the day's work is more enjoyable and there is more time for the very valuable thing called recreation.

Medical and sanitary science has advanced. In the olden days many women died from the ordeal of childbirth; skilled doctors were few; disgraceful sanitary conditions were overlooked; the spreading of contagious disease was not prevented. But in our day advancement along these lines has benefitted millions. A good physician is to be found in most hamlets; every town has its board of health to supervise sanitary conditions; government inspection safeguards our food supply, and every attempt is made to prevent disease before it gains headway. In the last generation doctors often did not arrive in time to save a patient because their means of conveyance was too slow or the roads not fit to travel over. But this is changed today, and doctors seeing patients, and relatives visiting loved ones, can go to them with speed and safety.

Thus, I repeat that I may be prejudiced, but I cannot help believe, in view of these facts, that I cannot say the "Good Old Days" because I am sure that the "Good Days" are in the present.

—Margaret Walsh.



The conversation flowed round the pleasant pastime of feeding live flies to spiders.

Jane Francis (feeling philanthropical): Oh! how cruel; what do you suppose the fly thinks when it has to suffer like that.

Jim Rahr: Well, what of it; flies can't think.

Jane (valiantly): Oh, can't they, a fly thinks just as much as you do!

OBLOMOV, by GONCHAROV —
or THE EPIC OF INDOLENCE

Oblomov was born in Russia in about eighteen hundred, and his curse had also marked his parents. For they, before him, had been of lazy blood. Yet to them this idleness was hardly a curse, for they had no desire for vast achievement. They were ideally mated, being the laziest couple in Russia, and both held the same motto of life, which was mainly that the easiest course was the best. Thus they lived an idle, yet peaceful and happy existence, little realizing that they were to bring into the world a son who would curse them bitterly a thousand times for this unhappy act.

In his infancy Oblomov was as content with this life of idle leisure as were his folks. His heredity and environment had caused him to be as apathetic as his parents, and thus he was in perfect accord with them. But at the age of twenty, when death had taken his parents, he began to see young men all around him rising into fame, and a desire for some of this fame gripped him like a vice, and it was then that he began the losing fight of vainly trying to shake off the indolence of a thousand years. He prayed for enthusiasm, he begged on bended knees to be awakened into the joys of a real life, yet all was futile, for he lacked the ambition to study, or even to rise at a seasonable hour, and this horrible lack of ambition was something that he could not master. At last, after ten years of bitter agony and terrible suffering such as only a writer of Goncharov's ability can describe, he lost this desire for fame and achievement, and became reconciled to his life of unconquerable indolence. It seems that the laziness of a hundred generations was to be punished in this one miserable man, the last of a long line of people absolutely indolent, and devoid of enthusiasm.

Now after three years of peace such as his forefathers had known, Oblomov became acquainted with Olga, a beautiful Russian girl, young, and full of enthusiasm. Olga would have loved Oblomov had he been of an active nature. Yet as he was, Olga had no patience with him, and demanded that he give up his idle life, and start upon a worthwhile career. It is at this point that Goncharov uses his wonderful ability to its fullest extent, and pictures in superb reality the absolute and unbounded suffering which Oblomov underwent. Goncharov makes it magnificently yet terribly real. He tells of the awful struggle of Oblomov to break the bonds of idleness which had held his family for a thousand years. He tells of Oblomov's failure to climb from the pit of indolence, later he tells of Olga's marriage to a famous young German author. Finally Goncharov tells of the quiet death of Oblomov, for after six months of inexpressible anguish and remorse, Oblomov died in a hell of despair, the hell

which his forefathers had been slowly creating for a thousand years.

You may call this story exaggerated, you may say that Goncharov let his imagination run, but I assure you that thousands are suffering to-day even as Oblomov suffered, for thousands are finding everyday that they cannot conquer indolence. Laziness comes from a combination of heredity and environment, and when a man becomes apathetic he is apt to produce a line of lazy descendents. At first this man would have been able to have conquered this indolence, but when his children inherited his laziness they have little or no chance to recover this lost ambition. Thus, from the viewpoint of the humanist, it should be a terrible crime for anyone to lose ambition and become disinterested, for this person is apt to produce a long line of descendents, increasingly lazy with every generation, which may very possibly end as disastrously as did Oblomov.

I wish to conclude in explaining that I have made these last few remarks in by no means a preaching manner. Nor have I meant them in a moralizing sense. These statements are meant purely in a psychological way. For when I read this book I decided that I had arrived at the psychology of laziness, and so, were I the author of Oblomov, in place of Goncharov, I would have given it the title of "The Epic of Indolence," for it gives one a perfect understanding of indolence and its development.

—Billy Heath, X.

THE LAST HALF-HOUR

Over the gloomy penitentiary lowered the dull grey of the autumn sky, matching in dreariness the massive, towering walls and towers of this grim guardian of the living dead. The chill wind drove the dry sere leaves whirling about the barren courtyard like ghouls in a wild wind dance of death, and whistled through the shivering naked trees, singing a mournful dirge. Far above, upon the towering walls, paced the sentries, spectre-like, with ominous step. And hovering over it all, cold, foreboding, in keeping with the harsh landscape, brooded the cell-house, like some gigantic evil creation devised against mankind.

Inside, the endless tiers of cells, burying within their gloomy purgatorial confines countless damned souls, were wrapt in the silence of dread, for the grim spectre of death was abroad, and soon one of them was to fall beneath his inescapable and awful scythe. Above the dreary moaning of the chill wind could be heard a distant bell tolling the knell of passing hours. Far off in the watch-tower, the dull clangor of the prison gong brutally mocked the entombed men, for whom there could be no time, no life.

Outside, the wind-driven clouds scudded across the bleak storm-swept sky, and gave up a bit of their life-blood which the squall, in fitful

gusts, beat against the gloomy edifice.

For convict 8099, this was his last day, his last hour in this life. He had willfully and with malice aforethought murdered a fellow being. The law required that his life be forfeit; and the law is not to be denied its flesh. In a short half-hour he would be dead, gone, never to return. Day after day, hour after hour, the terror and horror of dying grew upon him. And as second followed second into the irrevocable past, bringing his doom nearer and nearer, he became frantic and almost insane with a dreadful, all-consuming fear.

He could not stay still, but like a wild animal who scents a typhoon before it strikes, he was driven by a force beyond his control, and weak and weary from many nights without sleep, yet he could not sleep nor stop. Restlessly he paced his cell, peered out of his small heavily-barred window, upon the glistening court-yard, surrounded by the towering, broadening walls of grey stone. He felt smothered, suffocated by the silent ominous sentinels, by the walls of the cell which seemed to rush in upon him, to crush him in their cold embrace.

With a shudder he roused himself from his imaginings, and continued his pacing up and down, back and forth, across the narrow confines like a caged beast terrified by some unknown danger. He stopped at the door and peered intently down the long dimly-lit corridor, along which he soon would pass never to return.

And time sped on!

A foreboding silence had settled over the bleak prison, a silence born of horror and fright. The air was charged with the dread presence of death. Only the monotonous, maddening drip, drop, of the eaves broke the oppressive stillness. He strained his ears to catch the first sounds of approaching footsteps, which would usher in his last moments on this earth, and beyond which he dared not conjecture. He revolted at the very thought. His soul was gripped with sickening dread, with stark, grim terror of death,—of what comes after death! Bitterly, fiercely he cursed mankind, bitterly he cursed himself.

In insane rage he hurled himself upon the unyielding iron door and shook it till it rattled on its hinges, all the time rending the silence with horrible screams of fear and despair, screams of a madman, till exhausted he fell back upon his bunk. The roar of the wind, and the swish of the cold rain as it beat against the cold rock, mocked him in his hopelessness.

Then, in the dim distance, he heard the click, clack of the guard's boots drawing nearer and nearer. A cold sweat broke out all over him; his legs became weak; blood pounded through his temples; the cell swam before his eyes; nearer and nearer along the corridor came the sound; acutely he realized that he didn't want to die, that he wasn't ready to

face his Maker. Terror gripped him, terror such as he had never known before. He tried to appear brave, but his countenance, drawn and sunken from many a haunted night of sleepless vigil, took on but a more cadaverous and death-like appearance.

A dread key grated in the lock. The door swung back on loudly protesting hinges, revealing a stern visaged group. Unsteadily the doomed man rose to his feet. Without a word he heard his cell-door clang shut behind him. Without a word he strode down the long corridor, past cell after cell, to the closed door at the end. Here he paused with an involuntary shudder. Then, with head held high and firmer step he passed through the portals which closed upon him forever.

Outside the rain had stopped. The sun broke through the clouds in a blaze of glory. The lofty prison walls glistened in the light; a fresh moist breeze blew through the courtyard, and a cocky sparrow chirped his insolence to the stupid and unfeeling stones.

—J. Redheffer, XI.

ADMONITION TO A MOTHER AT EVENTIDE

Watch o'er him tenderly, tired little mother,
 Dreaming beside him who sleeps after play;
 Not in the wide range of earth is another
 Like this small lad here, this light of thy day.

Therefore, with gentleness, teach him to love
 Clean skies, and fresh winds, and clear stars above,
 Cool feel of pastures and sweet smell of spring,
 Soft glow of twilight streets, God in each thing.
 Give him the physical strength to enjoy
 All the delights that are dear to a boy;
 Give him a knowledge of beauty and truth,
 Nourish the fine, lovely spirit of youth;
 Help him to find in the Good Life a store
 Of bountiful blessings and full joys, and more;
 O! bring him up tenderly—
 For the next war.

—J. A. B. McLeish.

APOLLO'S UNREQUITED LOVE FOR DAPHNE

Apollo, while boasting of his ability as an archer, aroused Cupid's wrathful anger by insulting him and his weapons. In revenge, Cupid shot Apollo and Daphne, the river-nymph, with the result that they were filled with opposite emotions. Apollo was seized with a great love for Daphne

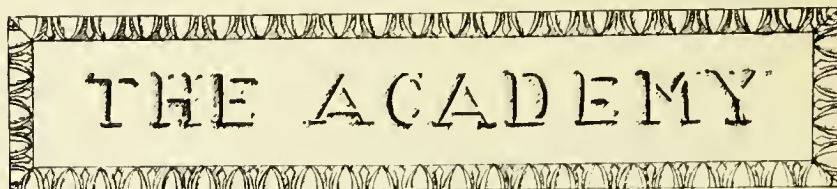
and pursued her but just as he was overtaking her she was changed into a laurel tree.

The selection occurs shortly before Daphne is transformed, while Apollo is yet following her.

"Penean Nymph, I pray thee tarry longer,
No foe am I, who follow close behind;
Nymph, stay; so flees the lamb from hungering wolf,
And thus the doe evades the fearsome lion;
So too the dove, with pitifully fluttering wings
Essays the sovereign eagle to escape;
In this way all the creatures hunt their prey.
I am not thus. Love causes my pursuit.
Do not fall down, pray injure not your feet,
They are unworthy of such needless hurt.
And do not tear your legs on those sharp thorns,
For this would cause me harsh and cruel pain.
The paths are rough o'er which you madly hasten,
So rest awhile. Pray stay your speedy flight,
And I will slow down too. Pray bide a little
And learn whose love it is that you have stolen.
I do not live on lofty mountain peaks,
I am no uncouth shepherd of the hills,
I do not tend the flocks of sheep or kine.
Indeed, you do not know, O heedless one,
You do not know from whom you flee, or why.

Those countries bordering Delphi know and serve me,
And many islands worship me, and sing
To Jupiter who is my royal sire.
From me men seek to find out what has happened,
What happens now, and what is yet to come.
I am the patron god of lyric poets,
I harmonize the songs of all the bards.
My shaft is true indeed, but much more truly
The arrow sped that pierced my lonely heart.
Sure healing is my gift to ailing mortals,
Entrusted to my care by all the gods;
From far and near men come to seek my cures;
They call upon me as their help and aid.
Alas for me, no herb can heal my heart,
And to their lord, those plants which help all others
Are worthless: there is no remedy for love."

—Walter B. Scott, XII.



THE ACADEMY

GRADE ELEVEN CLASS PROPHECY — 1936

A hideous blackness gripped my soul, and gloom pervaded my spirit, for I had come to earth, all aglow with anticipation, from my domain upon a satellite, to view again the ancient halls of learning, where I had at one time culled a certain amount of wisdom. Therefore it was somewhat disconcerting to find that the Earth had not been able to survive some two hundred years, and had become a mass of ruins. But this feeling of consternation was as nothing to the horror that overwhelmed me when I realized that the aforementioned halls of learning must also have succumbed to the desolation, and that Stanstead College was no more. It was with an equally dismal feeling that I realized that now I should never know the destinies of the class of 1936.

Hence the bleakness of spirit, and general diffusion of gloom as I paced about the well-remembered spots of Stanstead, alone and disconsolate.

But not alone for long. Arising from the ruins, there appeared before my startled eyes an emaciated wraith. I felt as Hamlet must have felt in similar circumstances and, like Hamlet, I felt that I, too, should recognize this apparition before me, for it was a visage upon which I knew I had gazed many times. The mind functioned slowly, but at length a ray of light pierced the gloom, and clear day dawned upon my brain. The wraith before me was Robert Boright, Esq. To say I was astounded is expressing it in mild terms. I was overcome at seeing a one time hearty individual reduced to this emaciated state. All was made clear, however, when Boright imparted to me that, while still at Stanstead, he had, to his amazement, discovered the "Elixir of Life." He had already lived for some two hundred years, and the bleak prospect stretched before him that he would go on living forever. Hardly had I regained my composure, which had been severely shattered by this pathetic story, than I realized that Boright was telling me what I had longed to know, the destinies of the class of 1936.

He told me of Joie Redheffer, and how, upon failing to master the theory of electrotherapeutics, the iron had entered deep into his soul, and he had migrated to the steppes of Russia, that he might brood upon Fate.

I was also aghast to hear that the amiable Henry Slack, embittered

by a diet of mushrooms, had rebelled, and had started a cattle ranch, deriving sadistic pleasure in seeing the beasts consumed.

I was glad to hear, though, that Bill Peat had not deviated from his early trends, for I learned that he had become the contributing editor to a thriving weekly magazine, which went under the telling title of "Sentimental Sonnets."

Ardythe Wells had not fared as well. She had spent years working upon a poetical translation for Vergil's *Aeneid*, but she died from over mental taxation, and thus came to a gruesome end.

It was with a touch of satisfaction that Boright told me of how Donald Poaps had joined a most exclusive men's club in London, never being seen, without his top hat and tails, and never straying from his first avowed intent, to be a mesogonist. One could tell that in his pathetic state, Boright's sympathies were with Mr. Poaps.

I learned that Frances Dolloff had become the leader of the violin section in an orchestra, and had been doing well, until Florence Beerworth, Cora Philip and Margaret Rider had compelled her to take an active financial interest in their newly-formed society for the makings of better citizens.

I felt, when I had heard the fate of Archie MacLeod, that I hitherto had had a false conception of where this gentleman's talents lay, for had he not, upon graduating, become his country's, nay the world's greatest authority on History, and the Latin poets! I was impressed to no small extent.

Anne Pike's career was also impressive, and somewhat startling, for she had developed a perverted sense of right and wrong. This had come when she had all unwittingly seen Dave McNutt play the title role in the play *Don Quixote*, with Eleanor McNutt as director and co-producer. Anne had thenceforth resolved to lead a finer life.

Boright did not dwell long upon the fate of Barbara Lamb, for she had retired to raise dogs and gulls in the country, and had lived and died there in solitude.

I was stirred to the depths by Boright's tale. The emotion resulting from the conjuring up of these old familiar faces had, however, been too much for the wraith, and he retired again amongst the ruins. I was left alone once more.

—Donald Poaps.

—Barbara Lamb.

Prichard wonders if a man should really carry an insurance on his car.

Austin: Of course he should. Any sane man carries one. (Turning to the Dean) Don't you, dean?

Dean Brown (absent-mindedly): No.



"Why take life too seriously,
You'll never get out of it alive."

John Knowlton Curtis—"John"

Born: Stanstead, P.Q.

S. W. C. '26-'36.

Track '34-'36.

Pet Aversion: Excitement.

Ambition: To be a mayor.



"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of cupid fell;

It fell upon a little western flower."

Eleanor Mabel McNutt—"Babe"

Born: 1918, Westmount, P.Q.

MacDonald High '34-'35, S. W. C. '35-'36.

Tennis Representative '35-'36, House League Basketball '35-'36.

Pet Aversion: Big brothers.

Favourite Expression: "One never knows, does one?"

And even if one does, one can't be sure, can one?"



"Thou, Julla, thou hast metamorphas'd me;

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time."

Frank Wilbur Peat—"Bill"

Born: 1918, Flint, Ohio.

Worthington High '32-'34, S. W. C. '34-'36.

Class President '35-'36, Senior Football '35-'36,

Senior Basketball '34-'36, House League Basketball '34-'36, Track '34-'36, Seiel '35-'36.

Pet Aversion: Rising Bell.

Favourite Expression: "Now I wouldn't go so far as to say that!"



"From labour health, from health contentment
springs."

Ardyth Lillian Wells—

Born: 1918, Vancouver, B.C.

Sherbrooke High '31-'35, S. W. C. '35-'36.

House League Basketball '35-'36.

Favourite Pastime: Studying through recess.

Pet Aversion: "G-Men."



"O, what man may within him hide,

Though angel on outward side."

Robert Railton Boright—"Bob"

Born: 1918, Warden, P.Q.

Waterloo High '25-'35, S. W. C. '35-'36.

House League Hockey '35-'36, House League

Basketball '35-'36, Junior Hockey '35-'36, Junior

Football '35-'36.

Pet Aversion: Macaroni à la S.W.C.

Favourite Expression: "So what."



"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

Frances Ethel Dolloff—"Fran"

Born: 1919, Fitch Bay, P.Q.
Fitch Bay High '27-'35, S.W.C. '35-'36.
Seicl '35-'36, House League Basketball '35-'36.
Pet Aversion: Talking.



"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

Cora M. Philip—"Bonnie"

Born: 1918, Beebe.
S.W.C. '32-'36.
Basketball '32-'36, Captain '35-'36, House League
Basketball '35-'36.
Favourite Pastime: (Hank)ering for a buoy.
Pet Aversion: Society.



"A thousand melodies unheard before."

Donald Hovey Poaps—"Don"

Born: 1918, Rock Island, P.Q.
S.W.C. '34-'36.
Class Reporter '34-'36, Debating '34-'35, '35-'36.
Pet Aversion: 3.45 History Class.
Favourite Expression: "I've found a new knock
in my car."



"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all."

Florence Olive Beerworth—"Flo"

Born: 1918, Longueuil, P.Q.
Beebe High '24-'34, S.W.C. '34-'36.
Favourite Expression: "On with the hunt!"
Pet Aversion: Free hand drawing.



"Time, place and action, may with pains be
wrought,
But genius must be born and never can be
taught."

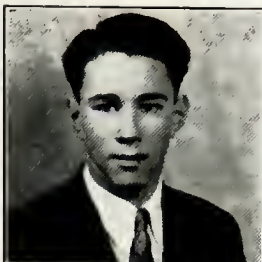
Angus Archibald MacLeod—"Lucifer"

Born: 1918, Winchester, Ont.
Montreal High '27-'33, S.W.C. '33-'36.
House League Basketball '33-'34, House League
Hockey '33-'34, Senior Football '35-'36, Tennis
Representative '35-'36, Seicl '35-'36, Track '35-'36.
Pet Aversion: Efficiency.
Favourite Expression: "Never let it be said that
a MacLeod—"

"Absence of occupation is not rest.
Follow thou thy choice."

Jack Edgar McKay—

North Hatley '32-'34, S.W.C. '34-'36.
House League Basketball '35-'36.
Favourite Pastime: Jack of all trades.
Pet Aversion: Short week-ends.



"We gazed and gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Joie Redheffer—"Lamb-Lamb"

Born: 1918, Chicago.

Harris '32-'33, S. W. C. '33-'36.

Senior Basketball '35-'36, House League Basketball '33-'36, Dramatics '34-'35, '35-'36. Debating '33-'34, '34-'35, '35-'36. Seicl '35-'36.

Favourite Pastime: Seeking (Bliss)ful moments.

Pet Aversion: Afternoon teas.



"A little nonsense is an excellent thing, but—"

Anne Cadace Pike—"Mose"

Born: 1917, Lowell, Mass.

S. W. C. '32-'36.

Hockey '35-'36, Senior Basketball '34-'36, House League Basketball '35-'36, Class Secretary '35-'36.

Pet Aversion: Staying in nights.

Favourite Expression: "Well Poapsy!"



"His tawny beard was th' equal grace,

Both of his wisdom and his face."

David Allan McNutt—"Dave"

MacDonald High '24-'34, Lakeland High, Clearwater High '34-'35, S. W. C. '35-'36.

House League Basketball '35-'36, Class Track Manager '35-'36.

Pet Aversion: Handwriting Experts.

Favourite Expression: "Mussolini is a bum!"



"Her strength is as the strength of ten,

Because her oaths are pure."

Margaret Rider—

Born: 1917, Fitch Bay.

Feller Institute '34-'35, S. W. C. '35-'36.

House League Basketball '35-'36.

Favourite Expression: Throw physics to the dogs, I'll have none of it.



Pet Aversion: Induced currents.

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;

By and by it will strike."

Henry Howarth Slack—"Hank"

Born: 1917, Waterloo, P.Q.

Waterloo High '31-'36, S. W. C. '35-'36.

House League Hockey '34-'36, House League Basketball '35-'36, Junior Football '35-'36, Seicl '35-'36

Favourite Pastime: Telephone (Cora)spondance.

Pet Aversion: The last mile.



"If ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it."

Ruth Barbara Lamb—"Red"

Born: 1918, Montreal, P.Q.

Netherwood '31-'34, S. W. C. '34-'36.

House League Basketball '35-'36, Hockey '35-'36, Seicl '35-'36.

Pet Aversion: Sea sickness.

Favourite Expression: "Why, HELLO."

Grade XII, 1935 - 1936

Margaret Brooks—"Peggie"

North Toronto High, Westmount High, Stanstead.

Born: Montreal.

Activities: Debating Team (Seicl executive), Social Editor, S.W.C. Journal; Representative to "Model Assembly", Sub-Editor, Annual S.W.C.

Donald MacDonald Gordon, Jr.—"Here"

Stanstead '31-'36.

Born: Wallacebury, Ont.

Activities: Rugby '32-'34, (Capt.) '34-'35; Basketball '33-'34, '34-'35, '35-'36; Hockey '34-'35, '35-'36; Track '32-'33, '33-'34, Mgr. '34-'35, '35-'36; Seicl, Vice-President of Athletic Assn. '35-'36, Male Quartet, League of Nations Representative '36.

William Douglas Schofield—"Doug"

Stanstead '35-'36.

Born: Winnipeg, Man.

Activities: Rugby '35, Basketball '35-'36, Hockey '35-'36, Debating '35-'36, Seicl (Vice-Pres.) '35-'36, League of Nations Representative '36.

Thomas Ellithorpe Austin—"Happy"

Stanstead '31-'36.

Born: Grandmère, Que.

Activities: Rugby '33-'34-'35, Basketball '34-'35, '35-'36; Track '32-'33, '33-'34, '34-'35, '35-'36; Debating '34, Male Quartette.

Walter Barrett Scott—"Walt"

Stanstead '28-'36.

Born: Toronto, Ont.

Activities: Rugby '34-'35, Track '34-'35, '35-'36.

John Tilton—

Stanstead '22-'36.

Born: Stanstead.

Activities: Hockey '35-'36, Sport Editor S. W. C. Annual.



This has been the most successful year of the Bugbee Business College since the depression set in seven years ago. There was a fair registration but the real satisfaction arose from other causes. The average attendance was high, there being little sickness and practically all remained the full school term. Then the earnestness and enthusiasm with which all pursued their studies and entered into the general life of the school was, to say the least, a delight to the instructors. A large percentage are graduating in some one of the courses and many of them with honours.

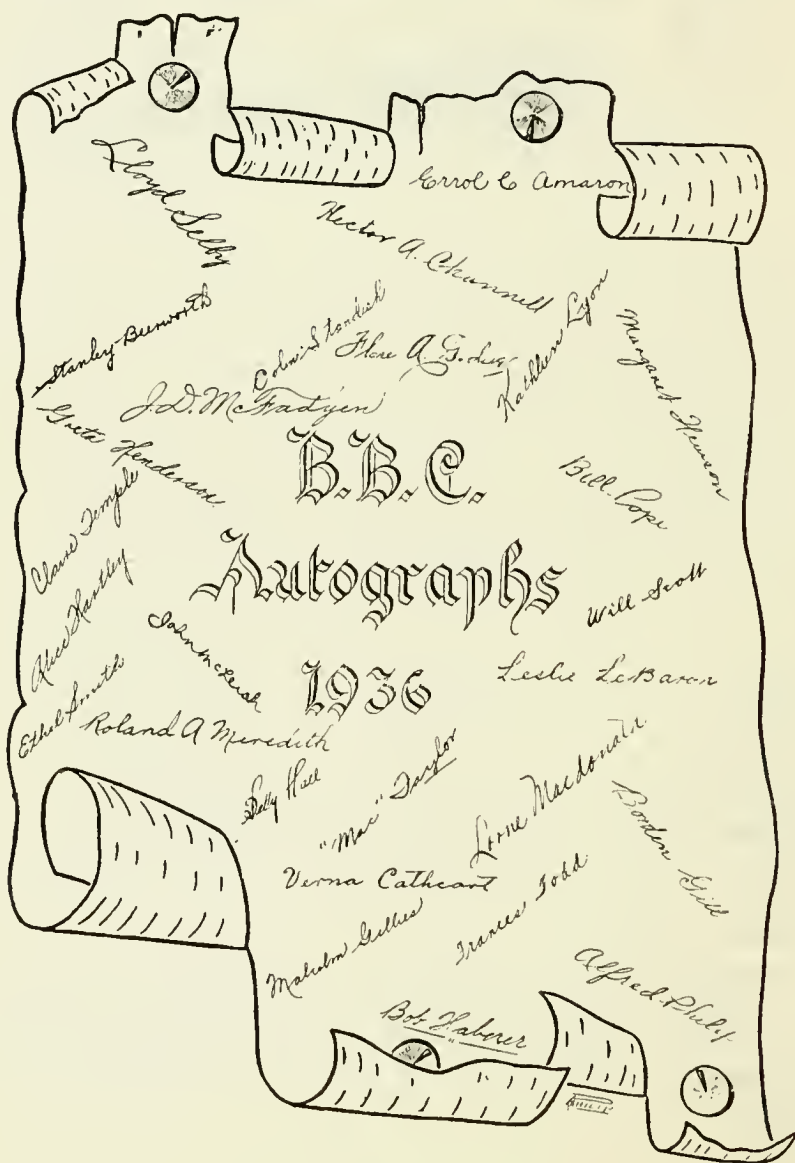
The Literary Society was fortunate in its selection of officers. The "One Lung" presented the current events of the day and was a popular item. The officers were as follows:

	<i>Fall Term</i>	<i>Winter Term</i>
Hon. President	- - Mr. J. D. McFadyen	Mr. J. D. McFadyen
President	- - - Lloyd Selby	Margaret Hewson
Ist Vice-Pres.	- - - Borden Gill	Kaye Lyon
2nd Vice-Pres.	- - Claire Temple	Leslie LeBaron
Recording Sec.	- - Alice Hartley	Ethel Smith
Corresponding Sec.	- Betty Hall	Claire Temple
Editor "One Lung"	- Bill Pope	Bill Pope
Treasurer	- - - Mr. L. MacDonald	Mr. L. MacDonald
Convener of Program		
Committee	- - - Ethel Smith	Stanley Beerworth

Under the auspices of the Literary Society the Bugbee "At Home" was held as a Valentine Party and proved a huge success. Many will look back upon the 14th of February, 1936, with great pleasure in the years to come.

The class picture which has been a feature of Bugbee for many years provides another pleasant reminder of the College classmates and will always be highly appreciated. It is particularly interesting to note the eagerness with which the past graduates view the class pictures on the School-room walls when they return as visitors and especially the class in which he or she is a member.

The management view with pleasure and gratitude the return to more prosperous days even though it may be slow. It means more demand for graduates. It is a pleasure, too, to note that few, if any, of our past graduates are out of employment.

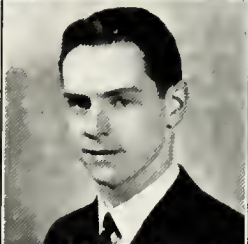




Stanley Beerworth—"Beers" Coaticook, Que.
 "Look on my height, ye mighty, and despair!"
 Favourite Expression: Curses!
 Favourite Occupation: Singing (?)
 Inspiration: High and **Low**.
 Activities: Assistant-editor Magazine, Inter-Class
 Debating Chorus. Represented Italy at League
 of Nations.



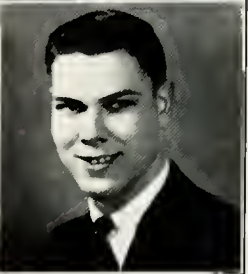
Kathleen Lyon—"Kaye" Ayer's Cliff, Que.
 "How loudly her sweet voice she rears."
 Favourite Expression: Dear me suz!
 Favourite Occupation: Week-ending.
 Ambition: To be a "Stub" collector.
 Activities: Sec. Athletic Association, Music, Col-
 lege Choir.



Robert Haberer—"Rube" Quebec City, Que.
 "Small of stature, Bright of eyes,
 Just rile the boy and fire flies."
 Favourite Expression: "You're telling me."
 Favourite Occupation: Trying to get a lift from
 a cam-el.
 Probable Dest.: Census taker on a desert island.
 Activities: Rugby '35, Hockey '36, Track '36, Seiel
 Social Committee, Magazine Board.



Frances Todd—"Toddy" Unadilla, N.Y.
 "She is your cold coquette who can't say
 And won't say 'Yes' and keeps you on and
 off-ing."
 Favourite Expression: "Well, I don't care."
 Favourite Occupation: Getting in and out of dif-
 ficulties.
 Ambition: Eve the second on a desert isle.



Borden Gill—"Bor" Cookshire, Que.
 "My strength is as the strength of ten."
 Favourite Expression: "You heathen!"
 Favourite Occupation: Gardener in a subway.
 Ambition: There's something about a soldier.
 Activities: Rugby '35, Hockey '36, Track '36, Seiel
 '35, Social Committee '35-'36.



Elizabeth Hall—"Betty" Richmond, Que.
 "The best of women have ever loved repose."
 Favourite Expression: "Goodness me!"
 Favourite Occupation: That's what we can't figure out!
 Ambition: Organ grinder.
 Activities: Debating '36, Secretary of Seicl '35-'36, Chorus, College Choir, Sec.-Gen. League of Nations '36.



Colin Standish—Cookshire, Que.
 Favourite Expression: "Such is life without a wife!"
 Favourite Occupation: Sleeping in class.
 Pet Aversion: Broken legs.
 Activities: Seicl, Hockey '36.



Margaret Hewson—"Margie" Lacolle, Que.
 "With volleys of eternal babble."
 Favourite Expression: "Love me?"
 Favourite Occupation: The more the merrier.
 Ambition: To create an awful sensation.
 Activities: Pres. Bugbee Literary Society '36, Magazine Board, Seicl, Hockey, Social Committee, College Choir.



Leslie Le Baron—"Flash" North Hatley
 "With shaggy head and bearded face
 He marched ahead with perfect grace."
 Favourite Expression: "What can they do about it."
 Favourite Occupation: Arousing the flats at 4.30 a.m.
 Pet Aversion: R. E. Exams.
 Activities: Being the "Lucky Man."



Verna Cathcart—"Voina" St. Georges, Beauce, Que.
 "With great promise she doth blend,
 Eagerness to help a friend."
 Favourite Expression: "Time to get up."
 Favourite Occupation: Snow-shoeing!!
 Pet Aversion: Having nothing to do.



William Scott—"Bill" Richmond, Que.
 "As idle as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean."
 Favourite Expression: "Hello!"
 Favourite Occupation: Solitary walking.
 Ambition: To have a six months' holiday twice a year.
 Activities: "Harmonica."



Malcolm Gillies—"Scotty" Milan, Que.
 "Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young."
 Favourite Expression: Oh, my goodness!
 Favourite Occupation: Telling tall stories.
 Inspiration: "Little maid where art thou?"
 Activities: Music, Chorus, Seicl.



Ethel Smith—"Oscar" Derby Line, Vt.
 "Though she is little, she is wise."
 Favourite Expression: "Blow me down."
 Favourite Occupation: Refusing (?) proposals.
 Pet Aversion: Spelling.
 Activities: Secretary Bugbee Literary Society '35.



Lloyd Selby—Holland, Vt.
 Favourite Occupation: Teaching the teachers.
 Favourite Expression: "What's that?"
 Inspiration: I would hie me to Peru.
 Activities: Football '35, Basketball '35-'36, Bugbee Literary Society (Pres.) '35.



Alice Hartley—Stanstead, Que.
 "The merry twinkle in her eye, foretells her disposition."
 Favourite Expression: "Don't be silly!"
 Favourite Occupation: Trying to keep "Young."
 Ambition: To own an "Austin."
 Activities: Sec. Bugbee Literary Society.



Hector Channell—"Hec" Stanstead, Que.
 "Sometimes he sits and thinks, but usually he just sits."
 Favourite Expression: "Well—?"
 Favourite Occupation: Hitch-hiking to Ayer's Cliff.
 Inspiration: "All-of-'er."
 Activities: College Orchestra, Chorus, Senior Hockey.



Malcolm Taylor—"Twist" Massawippi, Que.
 "I would that my tongue could utter,
 The thoughts that arise in me."
 Favourite Expression: "I dassen't do it."
 Favourite Occupation: Arguing.
 Pet Aversion: Rising bell.
 Activities: Hockey '36, Track '36.



Claire Temple—"Betty" Tomifobia, Que.
 "They opened up her heart
 And found engraved therein—"Shorthand".
 Favourite Expression: "Well, for goodness sake."
 Favourite Occupation: On with the dance.
 Probable Destination: Rhumba teacher to the eskimos.
 Activities: Corresponding Secretary, Bugbee Literary Society.



Roland Meredith—"Mercury" Cookshire, Que.
 "A canary peeps, —but I take a good look."
 Favourite Expression: Who's that bird?
 Favourite Occupation: Hunting (?)
 Ambition: To be a big gun in the army.



Greta Henderson—"Grrr-eta" Montreal, Que.
 "Some think this world was made for fun and folly,
 —And so do I."
 Favourite Expression: "I can't think."
 Favourite Occupation: Making monkey faces.
 Inspiration: Getting some "Vip" out of life.
 Activities: Chorus, Music.



William Rufus Pope—"Bill" Cookshire, Que.
 "Like a candle he goes out every night."
 Favourite Expression: "I'm Pope, Sir!"
 Favourite Occupation: Making excuses.
 Ambition: "To organize a non-labour political party."
 Activities: Editor "One Lung", Magazine Board

WHO'S WHO IN BUGBEE

Would you like to see a thrilling sight?
Well, here's the Bugbee class so bright
Who for the year did hold, with might
The name of Bugbee '36.

Who is it sleeps and is always gay?
Who is it broke his leg one day?
Who is it loves to fool and play?
COLIN STANDISH.

Who is it comes from New York State?
With so much knowledge 'tis hard to relate?
Who is it that the boys can't hate?
FRAN TODD.

Who is it that are room-mates true?
Who never have any lessons to do?
Who laugh and giggle till half past two?
GRETA AND BETTY.

Who's a soldier, brave and bold?
Who has hunting tales to unfold?
Well, do you really have to be told?
ROLAND MEREDITH.

Who's the girl that we call "Oscar"?
Who doesn't care if boys tease her?
We couldn't get along without her.
ETHEL SMITH.

Who is the girl with eyes so brown?
Who is it came from Ayer's Cliff town?
Who sings way up and then comes down?
KAYE LYON.

Who's an all-round nice young girl?
With hair so fair and a charming curl?
Sometimes a boy she'd like to hurl.

ALICE HARTLEY.

Who would long vacations take?
Who thinks he would an aviator make?
But comes to Bugbee for the old man's sake?

WILL SCOTT.

Who is the boy that works with a will?
Who regards his books and sits very still?
But whose thoughts are centered around "Brown's Hill"?

HEC CHANNELL.

Who is the lad that keeps things awirl?
And at any time his wit he'll unfurl.
But swears he's not bothered by any girl?

"SCOTTY."

Who's so quiet and so morose?
Who hails from far St. George de Beauce?
With disposition ne'er bellicose?

VERNA CATHCART.

Who's the boy so straight and neat?
He never dances on our feet.
And who in rugby is so fleet.

BOB HABERER.

Who's the boy who comes to school
To have some fun or break a rule?
And we don't think he's anyone's fool.

BORDEN GILL.

Who's the boy whose Rapid Cal
Is always "bonne" and never "mal"?
Who thinks his gal is pretty swell?

LLOYD SELBY.

Who's the girl with eyes of blue,
Whom we all love and you would, too?
And yet she's often in a stew?

CLAIRE TEMPLE.

Who's the girl who skates so fine?
And writes short poems that rhyme like mine?
Who is she that looks sublime?

MARGIE HEWSON.

Who is the lad with the noble face
That twiddles his chairs with unequalled grace
But sometimes finds his feet out in space?

BILL POPE.

Who counts pennies for J. D.?
Who wakes the boys at half past three?
Who's one of the best in old Bugbee?

"FLASH" LEBARON.

Who's the boy who wins the race
Ten yards in front with perfect grace?
We'd like to be standing in his place!

MAC TAYLOR.

Who says when he speaks, he shakes at the knees?
Who says he'd rather be on the high seas?
But when he gets started would shame Demosthenes?

STAN BEERWORTH.

Then drink a toast, ye mighty, and despair.
For never can a class hope to compare
(Without eternal loss of brain and hair)

To the Class of '36.

—GHLSCSBH.



"Man should hear a little music, read a little poetry, and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the love of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul." (Goethe)

At Stanstead the importance of music in everyday life is recognized and stressed, and every student is encouraged to take part in some form of musical activity. The Thursday night recitals, held during each winter term, afford excellent opportunity for the student to become accustomed to appear with ease and confidence in public performances.

During National Education week, observed in February, the Conservatory made its contribution to education in the form of a programme, consisting of the compositions of George Frederick Handel, of whose birthday the anniversary was being celebrated during that month.

In response to a request from the Stanstead South Church for a repetition of the programme there the following Sunday evening, the Conservatory took over the service, extending the original programme to include also the works of Bach and Mozart.

The programme consisted of the following numbers: Two Bach chorals, sung by the College Chorus; the second movement of Bach's "Double Concerto" for violins, played by Miss Hodgson and Miss Heath; Handel's "Largo," sung by the chorus; the second movement of Handel's violin concerto in D, played by Miss Hodgson; Handel's "Water Music," played by the Conservatory orchestra; Mozart's vocal duet "Thou art, oh God, the Life and Light," sung by Miss Campbell and Jim Rahr; Mozart's "Quoniam" from his Mass in B minor, played by the orchestra.

Explanatory remarks between the groups of each composer's works, and a short discourse, at the beginning of the concert, emphasizing the suitability of music in the interpretative sense of a sermon, were given by Mr. Martin, head of the Music Department, as well as a short sketch of Handel's life and music by Miss MacFadzen.

Under the highly able and energetic coaching of Miss Campbell, the chorus did remarkable work on various occasions. It was formed by thirty-two girls and boys, and received additional strength in the soprano

section through Miss Martin. Miss MacFadzen was its faithful accompanist throughout the year. At Christmas time the chorus sang a group of the best known Christmas carols, instead of the customary cantata. They added much to the beauty of the Christmas service, in connection with which they were sung. The work of the chorus reached a climax in the rendition of Max Bruch's cantata, "Fair Ellen."

Musically, the cantata is dramatically drawn, with beautiful contrasts and inspiring climaxes. The two solo parts of "Ellen" and "Edward" were sung by Miss Campbell and Jim Rahr, respectively, while the chorus earned its laurels through a very effective execution of the difficult score.

The orchestra received quite a setback this year, when four of the best violinists of last year did not return. Under the circumstances, very satisfactory results have been obtained. Its frequent appearance on the Thursday evening recitals was a welcome innovation. The playing of Greig's "March Triumphal" as a prelude, and the Beethoven "Larghetto from the 2. Symphony" as the offertory at the baccalaureate service was a very creditable consummation of the year's work. The choir sang on that occasion, Schubert's "Omnipotence," and Tschaikowsky's "Hymn of Praise."

The Junior recital gained additional interest this year in the presentation of Haydn's "Toy Symphony." Toy instruments, stringed instruments, and a small vocal chorus made up the ensemble. The music was preceded by three short scenes from the life of young Haydn. The remainder of the program consisted of: Piano solos by June Abbott, Sam Abbott, Sydney Lamb, Mary McIntosh, Irene Le Poidevin, Billy Carson, Thayne McGilton, Robert McIntosh, Joan Peat, Margaret Walsh, Dorothy Walbridge, Betty Gardner and Dorothy Kimball; violin solos by Bobby Moore, Bernard Brock and Douglas Schofield; vocal solos by Kaye Lyon, Barbara Bliss, Margaret Hewson, and Stanley Beerworth; organ solos by Betty Hall and Barbara Bliss.

The Senior recital was rather long, but well-varied and interesting in its contrast. The following program was offered: Orchestral numbers, (a) "Pastoral Dance," by German, and (b) "Canzonetta," by Mendelssohn; vocal solo: (a) Chopin Prelude No. 4, (b) Valcik, Mokrys, Margaret Brooks; violin solo: Vivaldi Concerto in A minor, Donald Poaps; vocal solo: Verdi's Aria, "Eri Tu," Jim Rahr; piano solo, 1st movement of Greig's piano concerto in A minor, Barbara Bliss; Bruch's cantata, "Fair Ellen," College chorus.

The Conservatory is fortunate each year in being able to bring to the College and to the Three Villages several distinguished artists. Owing

to the thoughtfulness of Mr. Maurice Fregeau, Mr. Knudson, leader of the second violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave the college a rare musical treat one evening last fall. Although on vacation, he kindly consented to give an informal recital, which proved to be most entertaining. We hope that he will pass the summer near here another year, and that he will favour us again with his delightful recitals.

We had again a brief recital from Ernest Johnson, negro tenor, who has become an annual visitor to our school. Mr. Johnson's heartfelt interpretations of the negro spirituals coupled with his cordial manner, assure him of a warm welcome at the College.

The most outstanding musical event of the season was again the visit of the "Hart House Quartet," which appeared in the Haskell Opera House. The performance of this distinguished string quartet was due to the efforts of the Conservatory, under whose auspices it was brought here to delight a large audience from the Three Villages and the College. We believe that the visit of the famous ensemble—one of the most prominent on this continent—has become a much anticipated part of each year's programme. It was with regret that the public learned that Gesa de Kresz, the Quartet's leader on its first visit here, had departed for his native Hungary. But the sorrow was fully appeased by the brilliant performance of James Levy, the string quartet's new leader.

Thus, another highly successful year has been added to the useful and inspiring work of the Conservatory. Through its varied activity in the field of arranged performances by artists of renown, as well as its own work in the realm of music, executed by its staff and students, the Eastern Townships Conservatory plays a most vital part in the life of Stanstead College.

Miss Barbara Bliss was the only one this year to graduate in the Music Department, receiving her diploma as teacher in piano.

—Barbara Bliss.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

Handel was born in Halle, Germany, on February 23, 1685, in the same year as the great Bach. His father, a combination of barber and surgeon, was sixty-three years old when Handel was born, and he hoped that his young son would become a rich and clever lawyer. At an early age, however, the boy showed marked ability for music and in spite of his father's opposition, he managed to practise on rather a dilapidated clavichord which his mother and nurse smuggled into the attic for him. (A famous picture of this incident may be found in the lower corridor of Pierce Hall.) The determination and industry thus manifested continued a part of Handel's personality throughout his life.

Next, we see him trudging after his father's coach, as he drove to the home of the duke where Handel's older brother acted as valet. Again, the boy won his own way, and his father took him into the coach. Arrived at the duke's palace, Handel immediately rushed to the chapel where he heard the organ. After the service he gained the organist's permission to play. Perched on the high bench the little chap played so well, he quite astonished both the organist and the duke. The duke advised Handel senior to plan a musical career for his son, and, under the circumstances, Handel's father felt the venture quite worth while.

Handel was sent to Berlin to study, and, shortly after his father's death, he became an organist at Hamburg.

From 1707-1708 he travelled and studied in Italy. As one writer has said, Handel thus acquired a thorough knowledge of instrumentation in the country of great players, Germany, and a skilled acquaintance with vocal art in the land of famous singers, Italy.

On his return to Germany in 1709, Handel became Court Musician to George of Hanover. During this period he wrote many of his works for violin, and other stringed instruments.

In 1710 Handel went to England, and while there composed *a Te Deum* and *Jubilate* which greatly impressed both Queen and people. In fact, Queen Anne voted Handel an income of £200 per year, and Handel promptly forgot to return to Hanover. Imagine his feelings when he learned that George of Hanover was to succeed Queen Anne as George I of England. However, Handel's self-confidence and determination again came to his aid and when he heard that the king planned a festival on the Thames, Handel immediately set to work on a group of short pieces called "Water Music." Through friends he succeeded in having his music played on a barge following that of the king's. The king was greatly pleased with the music, and when he learned that it was Handel's, he forgave the culprit, and invited him on board his own barge.

It may be of interest here to note, that each of the principal colleges of Oxford still keeps a barge on the Thames, from which its men view the races during the "Week of Eights." The barge for Magdalen College was given by our present king, Edward VIII, who attended the college when Prince of Wales.

It may also be interesting to note that the composer who wrote so much for George I, also furnished music for many of the memorial services for our late sovereign, King George V. The organ prelude at Centenary church was the "Largo" from Handel's opera "Xerxes," and the postlude was the "Dead March" taken from his oratorio "Saul."

This brings me to another phase in Handel's life.

While in Italy, Handel became acquainted with opera, and deter-

mined that he would enter this field of music. So as soon as he was well established in England, he began his preparations. Now, to stage an opera, which is a complete drama told by both words and music, is quite a stupendous undertaking. Not only did Handel undertake to write operas but also formed a company, (including the King's investment of £1000), to back their production. Handel had a very violent temper and was not particularly careful about curbing it. One story tells how he offered to throw one of the young lady singers out of the opera house window. Soon he found himself involved in bitter rivalries and in all sorts of difficulties. First he was compelled to fight a duel in which he was saved only by a button on his coat. Finally he was plunged into financial troubles for which there was no escape and he failed.

Yet again, Handel proved an opportunist. It was Lent and many of the lords and ladies of the court sought diversions less worldly than dancing and opera. So Handel conceived the idea of writing oratorios.

While the libretto of opera is secular, the text of oratorio is sacred, and the story is usually taken from the Bible. Moreover, oratorio is not produced in costume, but is usually presented by four principal singers, a chorus, and an orchestra.

In this field Handel proved most successful. His greatest oratorio, "The Messiah," was first produced in Dublin, Ireland, in 1742. When it was given in London in 1743, it received an ovation and the whole audience, including the King, rose during the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus, a custom which is continued to this day wherever the oratorio is sung. When one of the patrons complimented Handel he said, "I wrote it not to please you, but to make you better."

By many people "The Messiah" is ranked with Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," Haydn's "Creation," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and "St. Paul," as one of the world's greatest oratorios.

For some reason, maybe because of his ferocious appetite, or his bad temper, or his strenuous devotion to hard work, Handel never married. So he belongs to the famous list of famous bachelors. In spite of his haughty pride he was sometimes vulgar and inconsiderate of others. His utter contempt for conventional honours is shown in his refusal to accept a Doctor's degree from Oxford University. He asked that the degree be given to his bellow's blower. The people of Oxford still resent that refusal, although they do point with considerable pride to the rather small hall in which the great Handel and Haydn Oratorio Society had its beginning.

During the last seven years of his life Handel suffered from blindness. He died in 1759, and his remains were placed in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. His memorial depicts him writing "The Messiah."

Beneath his pen appear the words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Handel's music may lack some of the intellectual qualities of Bach's, the greatness of Beethoven's, and the subtleties of Chopin's, but the dignity of his melodies will ever stand as a memorial to a determined and irrepressible soul.

—E. McFadzen.

CONCERNING JAZZ

In a recent issue of a college magazine a familiar complaint was made by a correspondent. The students, he states, show a deplorable lack of interest in "good music or have no sense of value in regard to the aesthetic things of life." These deficiencies, he continues, mean poor teachers unsuited for the great responsibility of training children, besides, of course, intellectual starvation for themselves.

No serious-minded person will disagree with the statement that lack of appreciation for good music means intellectual starvation, but is the blame for the evident disinterest to be placed entirely upon the students?

I ask this question because I firmly believe that all people have an inherent liking for music. And if students stay away from the concert halls only to jam the dance floors, evidently they must find something in jazz that satisfies this innate desire and that classical music apparently lacks. The "something" may be that the sensual rhythms of jazz provide a more sympathetic outlet for the suppressed emotions of young people than do the grateful, delicate measures of good music, or it may be that the staccato beats of jazz are for fast-stepping moderns more understandable expressions than the stately chords of symphonic music.

Undoubtedly the great works of Beethoven, Bach, etc., are immortal, superlatively beautiful creations; but the emotional revelation and the eternal truth of these musical classics are expressed in the terms of a past age and in the forms of a different culture. These truths and revelations need new interpretation in the light of American experience and American development.

I am told that very little worthwhile native music is being written. The reason for this shortage and its solution are especially the music specialists' problem, but until the problem is solved the American layman will wander gropingly through the distortions of jazz, occasionally meeting a faint ray of light in a Gershwin's "Rhapsody," and concerts will continue to attract only a small minority consisting of hardly more than the technically-trained and the "right people."

CONCERNING MUSIC

In a recent article in the Stanstead College Scribe, entitled "Concerning Jazz," the writer feels the urge to justify the apparent lack of appreciation for good music among the younger generation of the present day. The writer, in continuing the thought, sees fit to lay the blame for the seeming isolation and aloofness of good music to a difficulty in its nature, and the intricacies of the paths approaching it, as well as the lack of that certain "something" in it which the "sensual rhythms of jazz" amply provide as "a more sympathetic outlet for the suppressed emotions of young people."

On these grounds the writer proceeds to elucidate the point, by dealing rigourously with all good music. Much in the same fashion, the musically interested world is divided into two groups, namely executants of that art, and the American layman, who is pictured as wandering "gropingly through the contortions of jazz, occasionally meeting a faint ray of light in a Gershwin's Rhapsody."

The article goes on to speak of an "inherent liking for music in all people," concedes the "immortal, superlatively beautiful creations" of the great masters, but continues to reject the accepting of the "stately chords of symphonic music," and intimates that the youth of today goes through this life with a ravenous appetite for harsh dissonances, and sound effects of a kind that provide excitement, supposed relaxation of nerves, and sentimental appeal.

Yet, after reading the article, one is left with a feeling of futility and vagueness regarding the future of American musical life. The present writer feels that some of the erroneous conceptions of good music, and the place of jazz in our life, as set forth in the article, should not go unheeded.

The controversial questions regarding the respective merits of either jazz, or good music, as seen from the viewpoints of their supporters are, in our day, both familiar and vital.

Most individuals agree on the intrinsic value of music. Its force is primeval and undying; it sustains and balances the moral structure of our life. But where those preferring jazz, make their greatest mistake, is in the assumption that the fault of good music is to be found in its very nature. Lack of acquaintance with its real power and unique expression, causes this somewhat unwarranted attitude, and biased outlook upon it.

If we contrast the two, and regard them dispassionately on the grounds of the highest standards of beauty and influencing power attained in music, we are confronted with a few important facts. Jazz is, in a sense, not really music, but sound effect. It bears no moral force

within it, save the spreading of sensual sentimentality, and becomes a force only, when materially propagated for selfish purposes. Another factor arises. Jazz cannot exist without borrowing for its very sustenance from the cadences of good music, being a satellite rather than a leading body, whereas good music is an independent force.

Perhaps still another thought may serve to illustrate the point of essential difference between the two so much discussed subjects. Good music inevitably fills some mood, answers some question or speaks in fluent language about a state of being, we wish in vain to express, and find its perfect and suitable expression in the music of some composer. At any rate, such music in its immense variety of forms, never fails to satisfy some peculiar longing in our being.

Jazz, on the other hand, was never known to satisfy completely, to sooth, to strengthen and to enrich, for such are the functions of true music. Again then, in this sense, jazz cannot be a substitute for good music, as its function is to stir up nerves to rouse the senses to the pitch of dizziness, or lull them into phlegmatic lethargy.

For its more appealing sides it is indebted in the largest degree to good music. The more successful jazz composers, if such a mechanical work can be designated by that name, have never felt any compunction about extensive and excessive borrowing from it—though they are careful to guard against too obvious plagiarism—using bizarre syncopation and grotesque application of borrowed material.

Jazz may well be called the accompanying blare of a distinctly materialistic trend in our social and spiritual life. But neither such terminology, nor a pedantic overemphasis on good music, will bring us to understand the existence of one, or to appreciate the transcendent element of the other.

Let us not forget that, just as great literary works, so the creations of great musicians are the expression and reflection of the master's attitude on, and approach to life, religion, and nature. The rich imagery of their music is the interpretation of a thought, an impression or an ideal. Their nature is eternal in the sense that it occurs in man's inner life regardless of the age in which he lives. Conceptions may alter in their external form, but the fundamental emotions ruling our lives, remain essentially the same.

To term, therefore, the "emotional revelation and the eternal truth of these musical classics" as being "expressed in the terms of a past age, and in the forms of a different culture," is to betray, aside from the inconsistency of the statement, a very slight acquaintance with good music.

Jazz, on the other hand, is not the perpetuation of surviving ideals, nor does it pretend to such aims. If we are inclined to term jazz as

"modern," it will be well to remember that popular music of that type has ever existed. It has accompanied the everchanging vogue of light amusement, and, being only a "vogue," and remaining "modern" for the duration of a temporary fashion, it has changed its face to suit each new demand of fancy. Its inability to survive rests in its cheapness, crude repetition, and the exploitation of a peculiar and shortlived phase of sentimental effusions.

The fault then for the seemingly nonexistent appreciation of good music does not lie within the difficulty of that music, or the easy approach to jazz, but in a somewhat erroneous conception of their respective levels in our life. Great music has neither past nor present, but transcends all ages. Jazz has relatively a shortlived presence only, and should therefore not be confused regarding its meaning and influence. In the capacity of dance entertainment, jazz serves the purpose admirably well. But to attribute to jazz inspirational powers superior or equal to those of good music, is to mistake its place and mission.

Again the writer of the article is concerned with the fact that "very little worthwhile native music is being written," and the effect of the ensuing situation. Any interested observer, if asked for a diagnosis of the state of American music since the beginning of the twentieth century, might well pronounce it alive and alert. Not only has music gained a stronger foothold among the interests of ordinary folk, but there has also been a noticeable increase in the numbers of those who demand fine music as a staple element of life.

To provide for these wants there is an imposing list of American composers and executants, of whose brilliant competence no one feels the least suspicion of a doubt. Added to this there is a general outstretching of expectant hands towards the "greater tomorrow" with its suggestion of naive and childlike alertness giving a tinge of exhilaration to the musical situation.

One registers a distinct thrill in reading an account of the conventions of music educators in the United States, when approximately eight thousand teachers of public school music meet to exhibit their attainments, listen to words of authorities, and thrash out the common problems in their profession.

A particularly interesting phase of this convention was the concert given in Madison Square Garden, presenting more than 3500 children from the elementary and high school grades, in a programme of choral and symphonic music.

American composers are more and more inspiring themselves from their own native landscape, their own legends and history, instead of forever leaning on the European walking stick.

In mentioning American composers and influential musicians of the present time, the name "Damrosch" is very familiar, especially on the lips of the school children on this continent. Walter Damrosch was born with a musical heritage. He has in the past, and is still fostering and endowing the youth of the present day with a sense of appreciation of music in its true meaning.

Quoting from Owen Wister, an American of literary ability, whose interests range from his profession as a lawyer to those of a professional musician and composer, and who has received praise of world famous music critics, we read, "In America the situation, so far as composition is concerned, is most hopeful at this time. We have our men of Anglo-Saxon heritage, such as John Alden Carpenter, Fouts, Hadley, Converse. All musicians with most excellent technical training. We have had the Celtic MacDowell. Now we may expect a great admixture of blood of many nations and already in the works of younger composers, such as Sowerby and Hanson, this new vote is to be heard."

Let us, therefore, say with Mr. Wister, "Have no fears about the music of the America of tomorrow. The whole world listen to it."

Thus, the fear for a lack of good native music may be wholeheartedly dispelled. It is living and spreading, forming its own unique qualities upon the best characteristics and ideals of the spiritual life on this continent, and has secured for itself a permanent place in great tonal realm.

Jazz can never replace or diminish its growth and its power, for we must not forget that, no matter how much we seek to attach to jazz a hope, whose fulfillment it would ultimately fail to offer, it must remain its predestined self, namely, light amusement of a passing kind.

Great and good music—and it is by no means limited to a symphonic or operatic kind—is on the other hand, a tremendous, awe-inspiring force in our life, which it transcends to enrich humanity, to lend its drooping spirit wings, and to inhabit those vast regions of the soul from which darkness and despair are banished forever.

—Jim Rahr.



HOLMES MEMORIAL SCHOOL

The Holmes Memorial School has had a busy and profitable year in spite of the exceptional weather conditions of the past winter, the enrolment being 172 pupils. Grades III, V and VII worked out some projects this year. Grade three pictured life in Africa and, also made an Indian village. Grade five displayed the industries of Canada and made some Health Charts. Grade seven studied animal and plant life connected with the Geography study of the year. The reading of current events was encouraged and opening exercises were given by the pupils in the morning. Grades VI and VII had the privilege of hearing a very interesting talk by Mr. Bruce on Japan and Korea. These two grades also listened to some class debates in the Academy. Several penmanship certificates were won this year. In grade six, Alice Goodsell and Barbara Laythe earned theirs, and in grade seven Amy Hethrington and Margaret Bedard reached the required standard. Some pupils in Grade five are working hard to do so before the end of the year. A volunteer girls' Sewing Class has been organized on Saturdays. It has been well attended and it is hoped that in future a regular class may be held. The School Fair was entered as usual and the school won the sum of \$43.75 in prizes.

The School has been quite active during the past school year in Red Cross work. The Juniors won the Red Cross Flag for this district, which is awarded to the group doing the finest Red Cross work during the year. The James Pangman Trophy is awarded to the unit which wins a flag for three consecutive years. The pupils are all anxious to earn this honour. The van people from Grades I, II and III gave a play at which they received \$1.37, which goes towards Red Cross Funds. Grade V also put on a play to help the fund. At Christmas time a box was sent to Montreal for the children in the hospitals. All grades shared in this. Sewing, knitting, and handwork were done by the girls for the unfortunate children. Stamps were also collected for the Red Cross, several thousands being sent. Grades I and II sent a portfolio to a school in Japan and received one in return. Thanks to the support of the public, the pupils also succeeded in selling four hundred and eleven Red Cross calendars. This money goes to the Crippled Children's Fund. In the Ayer's Cliff track meet, the Inter-class and the Interscholastic track meets, the Model School contributed almost all of the midgets and juniors. The Holmes Memorial School, with the combined efforts of Bugbee, got a third place in the Interclass track meet. The School boys also did well in the Ayer's Cliff and Eastern Townships track meets. We wish to thank the members of the I. O. D. E. and all the others who have taken interest in our work of the year and who have helped greatly.

By a Grade I Student
The flowers are waiting for the rain
And next they want the sun.
But when they grow to be quite tall
We'll pick them, every one.

By a Grade II Student
How would you like to take part in sport?
Up at the Model School?
Oh! I think it would be great fun;
Providing you break no rule.

By a Grade VII Student
"The Mumps"
I don't like the mumps and mumps don't like me,
So you see quite plainly we just don't agree.
There's simply no rest from morning till night;
And especially then how those tonsils do bite!
You can't chew or cough—you can't even sneeze.
I'm telling you plainly—can't do as you please.
So take my advice, and do as I say:
Call up the doctor—by Jinks, don't delay!
—Evelyn Bowcher.

THE MEETING

"Whither go ye, valiant strangers?
Whither travel ye in the night?
Seek ye cup of heavenly blessing?
Seek ye morning light?"

"Hard the road, O valiant strangers,
Rough the path and far the goal,
Fear ye not within the night-gloom
That which daunts the soul?"

"Never fear we, O faint-hearted,
Neither road nor gloom of night,
But as pilgrims still undaunted
Seek we still the Light."

—J. A. B. McLeish.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The first social function of the College in the fall of 1935 was the Alumni Reception in the afternoon of September 13. It was held in the parlors, and two hundred people were present.

The Freshman Prom was the first social occasion for teachers and students to become acquainted, and for the new students to be formally introduced by the old members into the institution's social activities. The tastefully redecorated parlors, showing a great improvement over previous years, were again the scene of the reception. After the first ice of stiff formality had been somewhat broken, the programme lead the guests to Pierce Hall where members of the Conservatory staff entertained them in a brief recital. Then the old students acquitted themselves in the Main Classroom of the duties as part-hosts, by giving the guest a few musical numbers.

Back to Pierce Hall the next prom went. There old students staged a cleverly arranged, humourous skit. Its illustrious author, Mr. Amaron, was, to our deep regret, unable to attend the premiere of his work owing to a severe cold which forced him to absent himself from the gathering. Dancing in the girl's gymnasium filled out the time between the various features of the programme, and refreshments, served in the parlors, brought the successful evening to a pleasant close.

Throughout the year the staff had been "at home" on every first Tuesday afternoon of each month to the parents of day-students and the numerous friends of the College. On these occasions the parlors assumed a particularly friendly atmosphere, tastefully decorated by the members of the staff, and thronged by the many visitors, attending these teas.

The visit of the Commissioner's High School football team from Quebec, on October 11, occasioned another social event for the students of the College. After the hard-fought and interesting game, Stanstead College entertained the visiting team at a dance in the boys' gymnasium, where visitors and locals mingled in a friendly dance contest, that offset the hardships of the gridiron in a pleasant manner.

A Hallowe'en Supper took place in the College dining-room on November 2. It was followed by a moving-picture presentation, and a dance in the girls' gymnasium.

November 9 was dedicated to International Night, an annual event of no small importance. It was extremely well attended, and an interesting programme was given by the students.

On Sunday night, November 17, the College held its annual Football service at the Stanstead South Church. Many were present, and Principal Amaron opened the service with a few words, after which he

turned the main part over to the three speakers of the evening, Bob Haberer, Archie MacLeod, and Doug. Schofield. They spoke of sport as the building factor in our physical, mental, and social life, outlining and presenting their points in a thoroughly interesting manner.

The American Thanksgiving Banquet was held on November 30, in the College dining-room. Impressively decorated, it presented a suitable background for this occasion. It is a fine tradition of the College to open the old, venerated halls each year to its many friends south of the line, and to celebrate this act of friendliness on the American Thanksgiving day. Inasmuch as this usually constitutes the first formal banquet of the year, the new students are welcomed by an old student, and in turn reply by one from their own ranks. Last year both offices were very successfully filled by Margaret Brooks, representing the new students, and Bill Peat, voicing the welcome and sentiments of the old. The speaker of the evening was Mr. W. Richards, principal of Derby Academy, who at the end was thanked for his stimulating words by Doug. Schofield.

On November 25 and 26, Mr. Bruce, headmaster of a Mission School in Korea, was a visitor at the College. At Chapel service he spoke of the school, relating his interesting experiences in Korea and Manchuko.

Miss N. Yeomans was also a visitor at the College over a week-end, and spoke to the school at morning Chapel.

On New Year's day Principal and Mrs. Amaron entertained a group of former students and friends of the College at an afternoon tea at the College. Twenty-five were present, and passed a very pleasant afternoon.

In January a memorial service for the poet Rudyard Kipling was held one Sunday afternoon in Pierce Hall. Perhaps no other contemporary man of letters was held in the same esteem, wherever the English tongue is spoken, as was Kipling among all classes of people. He was the predominant apostle of the imperialistic idea, especially in the twentieth century, and his poems and novels, born of his rich and varied experiences, spread British ideas and characteristics to all corners of the world. Mr. Amaron and Mr. McLeish spoke impressively and Dave McNutt read a group of Kipling's poems.

A short, impressive service in commemoration of the death of King George V was held one morning in Pierce Hall. Over a background, formed by a draped Union Jack, the picture of the late king was placed, and below it that of the new sovereign, King Edward VIII. Mr. Amaron spoke of the life and character of the deceased king, beloved by his subjects as the father of the great family of the British Commonwealth, and respected by the nations beyond the pale of his realm. The whole school, including the Model School, attended the service, which was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

An important and much enjoyed event was the "Bugbee At Home" on February 14. The large classroom of the Business College had been tastefully decorated in red and white. A pleasant programme and dancing made it possible for every one to pass a highly agreeable evening, enjoying the cordial hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. McFadyen, and the students of Bugbee College.

On March 3, the Seicl Dance was held in the College dining-room. Owing to the leap year, the ladies assumed the privileges and duties, that is theirs once every four years, and gave the boys an excellent taste of chivalry reversed.

May 8-10 Stanstead College was host to the delegates of some twenty schools, who had come to attend the third annual Model Assembly of the League of Nations. The banquet on Saturday night was a memorable function. Professor MacKenzie, from Toronto University was a forceful speaker. On Sunday morning a special service was held in the Centenary United Church, which the delegates attended as a body. Mr. MacKenzie was in the pulpit and gave another interesting and impressive address. The College chorus preformed at both the banquet and the service.

Dean Rowe, headmaster of People's Free Academy, Fairfax, Vt. addressed the school at Chapel service during the last term. He spoke of England, Germany, France, and Switzerland, through which he had travelled with a group of American boys. He was thanked by the students in a very hearty manner for his instructive talk.

Mr. Collins, on furlough from his mission work in Africa, and an old College friend of Mr. Amaron, spoke one morning to the school in inspiring words of his work in Africa and the characteristics of the negroes there.

Twice during the year Mr. Amaron conducted early morning Communion services at Pierce Hall. Many availed themselves of the opportunity to partake in these quiet gatherings of worship.

The Alumni Banquet took place on May 16. Many of the old students had come out to attend this important function. Later on the guests were entertained at the dance, given by Grade X to the graduating grade of the Academy.

As the weather proved unfavourable for a lawn social, the last monthly staff tea was held in the parlors. The graduating grades of all departments were the guests of the staff.

INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

Last year's International Night might well be pronounced a decided success. Viewed not only from the gratifying financial angle of it, but also from the side of entertainment offered, it was one of the best ever staged.

Aside from the usual variety of fancy dresses, and the particularly pleasing aspect of the various booths, into which much preparation work, much patience, and much ingenuity had gone, the College presented a picturesque programme, carried through entirely by the students of the institution.

No one who has attended that dress-ball will forget the realistically staged and performed bullfight, in which Don Prichardo, the Pup. otherwise well known to all as Murray Prichard in the role of a Spanish toreador, killed a skilfully constructed bull, guided by the nimble agility of the famous toreador's equally famous younger brothers. A lament by the populace in the native town of the deceased animal, led especially by its owner, Jim Rahr, presented the other, more tragic side of this famous Spanish national sport. It was followed by a Spanish Tango, danced in colorful and attractive costumes by seven couples.

The unquestionable success of the dance was due to Mrs. Amaron's untiring coaching, who spent a good deal of time, effort and patience in instructing the dancers.

Much in the same way, the success of the bull fight is to be attributed to the joint ingenuities of Mr. Amaron and Mr. McGilton. The highspirited animal came from the estates of the latter gentleman, whereas the taming and technically correct disposure of it, as well as the coaching of the impetuous young toreador, and the lament for the animal's owner, found their origin in Mr. Amaron's impressive experiences in such matters.

Those who took part in the tango were Peggie Brooks, Jim Rahr, Murray Prichard, Jane Francis, Barbara Lamb, Bruce Vipond, Margaret Hewson, Don Poaps, Anita Laythe, Jerry MacKay, Betty Gardner, Douglas Schofield, Anne Pike and Ralph Whitehead.

Many people attended this function and were agreeably surprised by the zest and enthusiasm of the performers, the excellence of the many booths, as well as the variety of things offered for sale. Dancing interspersed the various numbers, one of which was a medley of the national anthems of several countries, which was effectively played by the Conservatory orchestra. The evening came to a close with the singing of the National Anthems.

THE MODEL ASSEMBLY

The third annual Model Assembly of the League of Nations—Stanstead College's contribution toward a warless world—opened Friday evening, May 8, in the Haskell Opera House. The largest Assembly thus far, the event drew fifty-six delegates from twenty outside schools and in the lazy sunshine of late afternoon car after car rolled up to the College, bringing brisk delegations from as near as Derby, Vermont, and as far as Montreal and Shawinigan Falls. There was a noticeable air of anticipation and expectancy in the Opera House as the time came for the formal opening of the Assembly, and the quite obvious wholeheartedness with which the delegates entered into the spirit of the occasion added immensely to its significance.

Principal Amaron of Stanstead opened proceedings by welcoming the delegates from outside schools and outlining the history and purpose of the Model Assembly. Then, after the reading of a report from the committee on credentials, the Assembly proceeded to the business of electing a president to guide it through the session, the unanimous choice being Miss Roberta Butterfield, University of Vermont, and sole delegate for the Irish Free State. Miss Butterfield thanked the Assembly in a graceful speech and took the chair, presiding with much ability and charm throughout the evening, and the subsequent morning session.

The chief item on the agenda for the evening was the highly topical question of United States neutrality; but before the Assembly settled down to what might be called the hammer-and-tongs part of its business, there were two reports to be made—one by Betty Hall, secretary-general of the League, on League work for the past year, the other, an interesting résumé of the opium situation—which showed the extensive work being done to cut down the traffic in narcotics, the roots of which are to a very large extent in China. The Assembly adopted a resolution of regret at the death of King George V of Great Britain, and of confidence in and esteem for his successor, Edward VIII.

Then, swinging into debate on vital questions for which onlookers were clearly waiting, the Assembly considered the question of United States neutrality in the event of future war. Spectators who hoped for such surges of emotional feeling as were to sweep into the discussion on Saturday morning, were not to see much of that, but were nevertheless treated to a lucid, cogent analysis of the issue by six excellent speakers representing five different schools and six nations. Those delegates who saw U. S. neutrality as not only desirable but possible, pointed to America's geographical isolation, her powerful navy—which could maintain a position of armed neutrality—and her rich economic resources. On the

other hand, opponents of American neutrality scored the idea that the States could remain aloof and independent in an interdependent world, saw her as inevitably swinging to one side or the other owing to either trade or sentiment, and pointed to the strong European bond in existing minorities. Vote on the resolution by the senior delegates resulted in a nine-all draw, and it was referred back to the agenda committee for further consideration. An amusing incident occurred in the course of debate when a delegate representing Japan took exception to the statement of a Canadian speaker that the Japanese were "pagans," upon which the offending delegate smilingly assured him that no reflection on Japanese religion had been intended.

Resumption of debate on Saturday morning brought the critical Italo-Ethiopian question to the fore, in a resolution urging immediate League action in the dispute. This issue was clearly the *pièce de résistance* of this year's discussion, since upon it at the present time the future policy and existence of the League depend. It engaged the attention of no less than forty-two speakers, each addressing the Assembly for a maximum of five minutes. This seems a very large number to be speaking on one issue, but the question was itself so vital, the personalities of the speakers so interesting and the viewpoints so various, that interest was at a high pitch throughout. The majority of the delegates severely condemned Italian aggression in Ethiopia in contravention of treaty agreements, made ironical reference to the "civilizing" tactics of the invaders, stressed the critical nature of the discussion—on which the future of the assembly as a functioning power hung, and agreed that action was not too late in view of the fact that the aggressors were only in control of the country, not in full and deep-rooted possession of it. Representatives from smaller nations viewed with apprehension the likelihood of similar future aggrandisement at their expense, and one delegate trenchantly pointed out that if civilization was all Italy desired in Ethiopia, the League could provide that under League mandate. Italy, however, was well represented, and gained full support from non-member nations like Germany and Japan. Barbarism in Ethiopia, the early exclusion of Italy by other powers from colonial conquest, historical refutation of the idea of sacred treaties, and a plea that Italy be given a chance to show her faith in the matter: these were some of the chief arguments advanced by the pro-Italian and Italian delegates.

The debate at times reached a distinct emotional pitch, and was enlivened throughout at intervals by lively repartee, as first one delegation and then another pointed to what it considered to be misleading statements in Assembly addresses. And interesting exchange arose between the Japanese and Chinese delegates as to whether the people of Manchuria

were or were not Chinese—the one disputing the fact on racial grounds, the other affirming it on a technical basis. Another brisk cross-fire came between the German and Russian delegations, the latter precipitating the dispute by pointing to the capitalist and Fascist backgrounds of recent wars. Vote on the resolution by senior delegates resulted in a 15-9 decision in favour of it, but in view of the fact that unanimity was necessary in the matter, the motion was declared defeated. Adjournment followed, and the delegates, who had put so much energy and spirit into the debate, went off to dinner.

At night, the Model Assembly banquet was held in the College dining-room, with Professor Norman A. Mackenzie of the University of Toronto as guest speaker. At the head table, where Miss Butterfield again presided, were a number of distinguished guests, including a number prominent in educational work in the province; and the dining room was filled with the delegates, members of the Stanstead staff, and students and friends of the College. A splendid sing-song followed by a selection by the College chorus, "Winter Song," added to the evening's pleasure, and following this, Professor Mackenzie delivered his address. An old friend of Principal Amaron, he served in the Great War, had a brilliant academic career at Dalhousie, Harvard and Cambridge, and then joined the faculty of the University of Toronto as professor of International Law. He is a Maritimer by birth, and there is a perceptibly Scotch turn to his words which adds to his presentation. A fine technical speaker, forceful and calm, he marshaled his arguments with such precision and clarity, and with such keen analytical power, that one had no difficulty in following, and none in remembering, his remarks.

Professor Mackenzie made it clear that the situation with regard to the League was highly critical. He considered that the situation had arisen largely because in the early days of postwar reconstruction there had been two contrary factors—one, the ideal of world peace through collective action and discussion, the other, the perhaps inevitable hatred and soreness arising out of a titanic struggle. He scored the United States for a North American particularism that ignored the wider and greater field of world co-operation, to which America could have brought much. He saw no alternative to the rarified atmosphere of super-nationalism than the doctrine of collective security, and looked upon the League of Nations, no matter how battered and discredited it now appears, as the best, and in fact, only hope of achieving that condition.

Preaching Sunday morning at the Model Assembly service in Centenary Church, Professor Mackenzie, in another fine address, dwelt on the paradox of war in an allegedly Christian society, saw pacificism as a splendid but negative ideal and defensive militarism as a futile tragedy,

and urged the necessity of practical peace work along established lines of cooperation and collective action. He made it plain that the Erasmian theory of slow reform through evolution of the individual was simply not adequate; organized action was essential.

The College orchestra and chorus contributed selections to a service that was stirring past belief, and that culminated in the singing of William Blake's magnificent hymn:

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

And thus the third annual Model Assembly of the League of Nations held at Stanstead College came to an end on a note of present dedication and future victory.

The following schools sent delegates to the Assembly: Danville, Magog, Shawinigan Falls, Cowansville, Ayer's Cliff, Town of Mount Royal, Bedford, Derby, Vt., Sherbrooke, Waterloo, University of Vermont, Montpelier Seminary, Vt., Newport, Vt., Lennoxville, Montreal (Girls), Montreal (Boys), Asbestos, Orleans, Vt., Knowlton, Richmond and Barton, Vt.

SEICL 1935-36

The Society for the Encouragement of the Intellectual and Cultural life, better known by its abbreviation, Seicl, a senior student's club, first organized in 1931, has added one more successful year to its short, but extremely useful, existenc. It may well be said that this year's members exerted their strength worthily, to add another chapter to its annals of activities.

Of the two old members of the 1934-35 season that returned to the College, Barbara Bliss was chosen to take over the duties of the Seicl's presidency, in which position she subsequently proved herself very capable. Other members of the graduating grades were approached and the following slate of officers drawn up: Honorary President, Mr. Amaron; Barbara Bliss, President; Douglas Schofield, Vice-President; Betty Hall, Secretary-Treasurer; Archie MacLeod, Chairman of the Literary Committee and Editor of the "College Scribe"; Joie Redheffer, Chairman of Public Speaking; Margaret Brooks, Chairman of Dramatics.

During the year, about seventeen meetings were held, each of which had its own particular value. Mr. Wells, member of the Vermont Legislature, Mr. McLeish, master of History and English, Mr. Struthers, head of

Customs Department, Rock Island, Principal Amaron, and Dr. Philp, pastor of the Centenary Church, had addressed the Society at various times and presented extremely interesting subjects.

One of the events of the fall term was a Mock trial, to which the public had been invited, and in which all members of the Seicl, and several non-members had taken part.

The interclass debates, sponsored by the Society, produced wide interest, healthy competition and, in some cases, remarkable oratorical powers. Peggy Brooks and Doug Schofield, debating for Grade 12, both members of the Seicl, were the winners of the Hackett Debating Cup.

One Sunday night the Principal's Cottage was the scene of one of the most enjoyable gatherings of the year. Owing to the kindness of Principal and Mrs. Amaron, the members installed themselves in the Cottage, where a delightful supper, planned and cooked by the members themselves, was served to those present. Everyone contributed his or her share faithfully and made the "feast" a highly laudable event.

Activities at the meetings were various and interesting. Impromptu as well as prepared speeches, readings of each one's favourite literary selection, a general impromptu debate, acting of scenes from one of Shakespeare's comedies, presentation of written short stories, poems and articles were given.

The Seicl's social activities culminated in the Seicl Leap Year dance. The fairer sex assumed the responsibilities, and discharged its uncommon duty with pronounced zeal and efficiency.

The Third Annual Model Assembly of the League of Nations, held under the auspices of the Society on May 8-10, will go down in Seicl history as an especially worthwhile, extremely well-attended, efficiently organized and highly stimulating meeting. Over twenty schools took part, and the speeches heard both at the Haskell Opera House and in Pierce Hall, were of the greatest interest to public and assembled delegates alike. It is with pride that the Seicl undertakes each year the preparation and execution of the Assembly, one of only two of its kind in the Dominion. Its prominence has spread throughout this Province and Northern Vermont speedily, and in some quarters the Assembly is already regarded as a provincial function.

To Mr. Amaron, Honorary President of the Seicl, the members are greatly indebted for his active and never tiring interest, his informal talks, valuable information and highly constructive criticism.

On one of the last meetings those students of Grade 10, who would choose to be next year's prospective members of the Society, were invited to attend, in order to acquaint themselves with the procedure and the purpose of Seicl meetings.

Members of the Seicl during 1935-36 were Barbara Bliss, Betty Hall, Barbara Lamb, Anne Pike, Margaret Hewson, Margaret Brooks, Frances Dolloff, Archie MacLeod, Joie Redheffer, Doug Schofield, Borden Gill, Colin Standish, Bob Haberer, Donald Gordon, Jim Rahr, Bill Peat, Malcolm Gillies and Henry Slack. Kay Lyon and Ardyth Well resigned their membership during the year, owing to pressure of work.

—Betty Hall, Sec.-Treas.

DEBATES

The debates of 1936 came off to an early start, the preliminaries among the various grades being held on February 28, in the main classroom.

Each year oratorically talented opponents meet and engage in verbal battles, wherein clear reasoning and nimble witticism are the contestants' means of attaining victory. Much nerve and mental energy were displayed by those who represented their grades, in an attempt to capture the John Hackett Debating Cup.

Grades VIII, IX, X, XI, XII and Bugbee had previously picked their best people in class elimination debates.

The first to enter upon the field of oratorical glory were Grade IX, represented by Margaret Walsh and Murray Prichard, and Peggie Brooks and Doug. Schofield, representing Grade XII. The resolution read: Resolved that flood is more terrible than fire. The decision of the judges was 6-1 and went to Grade XII, who had defended the affirmative side of the argument.

The second round found Grade XI represented by Don Poaps and Joie Redheffer measuring their strength against Billy McKeague and Ronald MacEwen, representing Grade VIII, who had taken the affirmative side. The argument at hand read: Resolved that homework should be abolished. Though skilfully defended by Grade VIII, the argument, nevertheless, was won by Grade XI, the judges having decided 4-3 in favour of the higher grade.

The last contest of the afternoon was between Bugbee, represented by Betty Hall and Stan Beerworth, and Grade X, who had sent Ralph Whitehead and Billy Heath into the lists. Valiantly as were the efforts of Grade X to persuade the judges that: Science furthers human happiness, they had to bow to the destructive arguments of their opponents on the negative side. The decision went by a 4-3 vote to Bugbee.

The three winners of that afternoon, Bugbee, Grade XI and Grade XII went into semi-finals. Grade XI drew a bye, and Grade XII met Bugbee on March 6 for a decision. The title of the debate was: Resolved

that we learn more by reading than by observation. The Grade XII team, taking the negative side, successfully combatted their opponents, and won by a close vote of 4-3.

On Friday evening, March 20, the final Interclass debate was held publicly in Pierce Hall. Grade XI and Grade XII were the final contestants for the John Hackett trophy.

The resolution read: Resolved that in the event of the declaration of war, the property, lives and liberties of all persons should be subject to conscription for the defence of the nation. The affirmative side was taken by Joie Redheffer and Don Poaps of Grade XI, and the negative by Peggy Brooks and Doug Schofield of Grade XII. Principal E. C. Amaron was in the chair and opened the evening with a short review of the precedence. Thereafter the battle waged hard and furious.

Since the question discussed presented a vital problem of today many really interesting opinions were stated and the problem attacked from all sides.

The decision of the judges was unanimously in favour of the negative side, defended by Grade XII, who thus became the recipients of the much-coveted Hackett Trophy.

And so another Interclass debate season saw its worthy end in the act in Pierce Hall. Great interest had been displayed by everyone concerned and much satisfaction derived from these annual verbal contests.

SPORT



OLYMPIC GAMES

"The greatest adventure of my life," said a prominent Canadian athlete describing the Olympic games when he returned from Los Angeles in 1932. He had not achieved great success, had not even reached the finals of the several events he had entered, but he had watched and taken part in the world's most highly organized and highly competitive sport enterprise since torches were first passed from hand to hand in ancient Greece 2,712 years ago.

The organizer of the first Olympic games was undoubtedly a pacifist. Wars were suspended, feuds postponed and rivalry in arms replaced by rivalry in games while athletes strove for the coveted olive wreath of Olympic championship. Relay races, foot races, javelin and discus throwing were the chief competitions. Thousands gathered in the natural stone stadium to watch and cheer their town heroes and to lead them home in triumph at the end of the day.

For more than 1,000 years the games continued, until finally near the close of the fourth century A.D. the modern tendencies of sport grew too strong for the amateurism of the Olympics and dishonesty, commercialism and professionalism ended the competitions.

Years passed and wars stopped for no games; nations rose and fell, renaissances, reformations, revolutions came and went, but the world

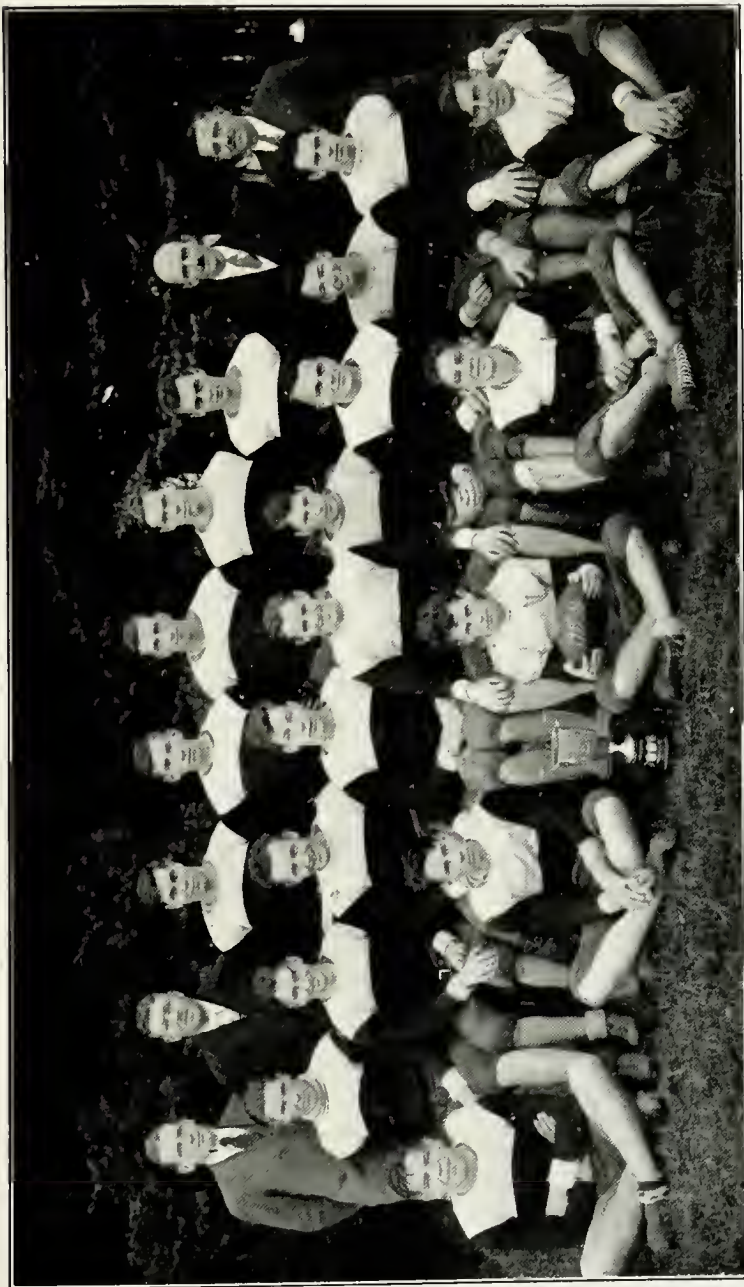
united only to make hatred, vindictive treaties, killing any pacific aspirations leaders held. The 19th century, with its great changes of territory and thought, closed with an era of imperialism, nations were more settled in their structure, more firm in their independence, than at any period in previous years. There was comparative peace and out of this peace and recognition of importance of countries and individuals came the rebirth of the Olympic games.

It was fitting that the revival should begin in Greece, the founder and mother country of the original competitions. Athens was chosen as the site, and in 1896, the year one of the modern olympics, the games were held. All the glamour of the ancient days was there as athletes in the characteristic attire of countries this time, not towns, paraded through the stadium, lined up for the opening ceremonies and then set about establishing records in events that outnumbered and outvaried anything the ancient Greeks had ever imagined. Probably the most historic event of this first modern competition was the marathon, run in commemoration of Pheidippides famous race from Marathon to Athens in 490 B.C. announcing the victory of the Greeks over the Persians. The ancient Greek died, achieving immortal fame after his run, and in his honor the Olympic committee included a marathon in the list of events for the games. A Greek peasant, Loues, fittingly won the first marathon and since his time the race has nearly always been won by hardy country folk, little men who had, like the Pheidippides of old, lived most of their lives in the open air among clean, wholesome surroundings.

Paris was the scene of the games in 1900 and St. Louis in 1904. Foreign competition was at a minimum at both these games, but the achievements of the athletes there made up for any paucity of numbers. London welcomed competitors in 1908 when the most successful of the early modern games took place. The success at Stockholm four years later was even greater as contestants, officials and representatives belied the smouldering volcano of world war with their goodwill and happy understanding.

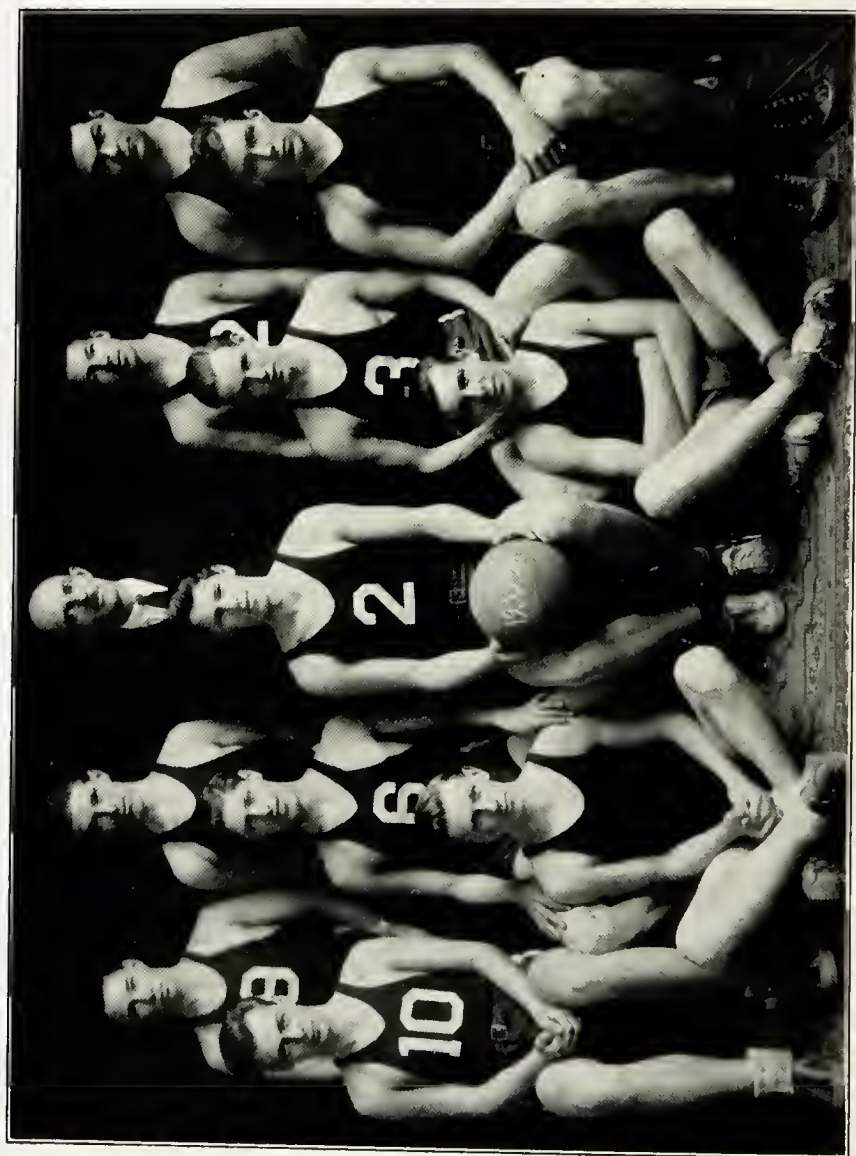
The 1916 games were to have been held at Berlin, but war intervened and it was 1920 before the competitions were resumed. A courageous and courteous act on the part of Belgium brought the games to Antwerp that year and Paris opened its gates to visitors from the four corners of the world in 1924. Canadians came to the fore in 1928 at Amsterdam when Percy Williams, an unknown youth from Vancouver, outraced the best the world had known to win the 100 and 200 meter races. This was Canada's greatest year as her girls' team outscored even the United States champions.

The games moved from Europe to America in 1932, when in splen-



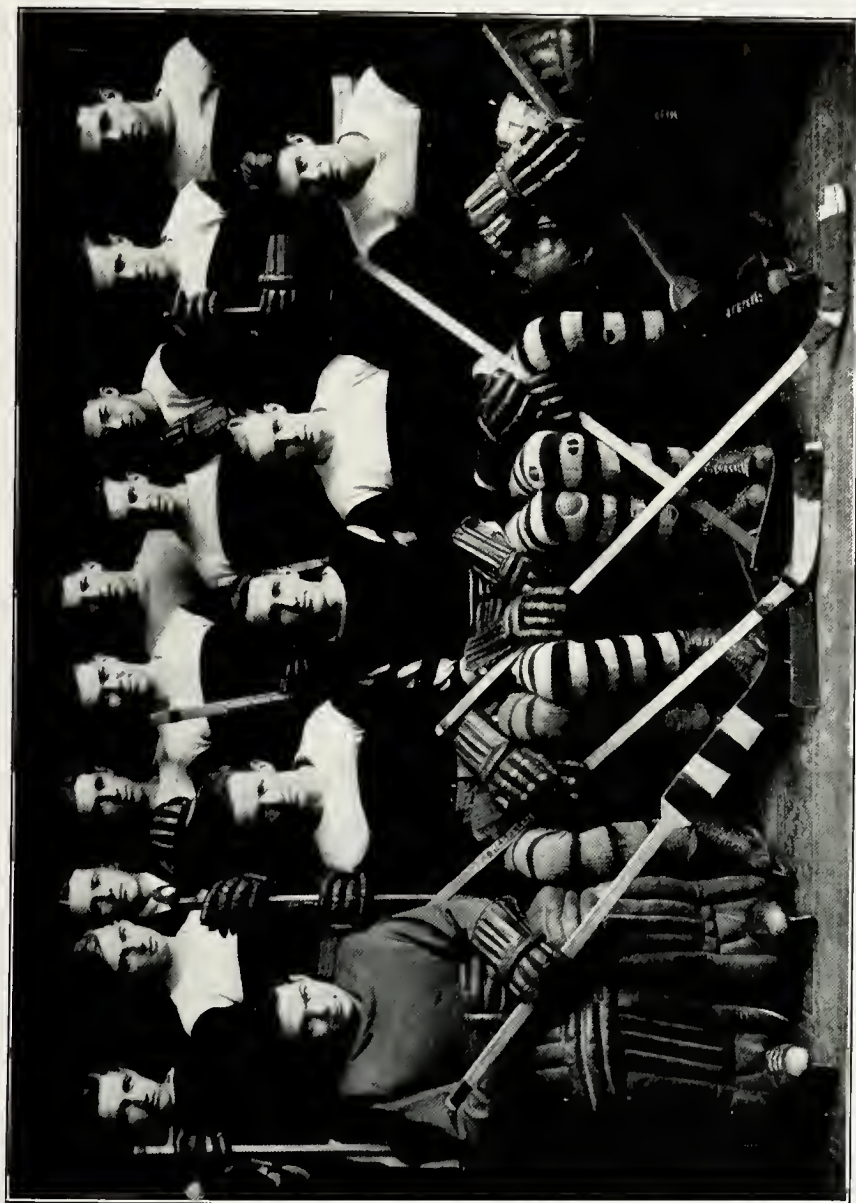
S. W. C. SENIOR FOOTBALL

Top row: Mr. F. T. Brown, Wm. Soles, B. Gill, M. Cooper, W. Rahr, A. McLeod, B. Peat,
 Mr. E. C. Amaron, Mr. L. G. McGilton.
 Middle row: D. Schofield, E. Perkins, H. Channell, E. Austin, B. Vipond (Cap.), R.
 Langley, L. Selby, P. Poaps, R. Haberer.
 Bottom row: M. Prichard, J. Redheffer, T. Miller, P. D'Albenas, G. Sisco.



BOY'S SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM — 1936

Top row : J. Redheffer, D. Schofield, Mr. Amaron (coach), P. Poaps, D. Gordon.
Second row : W. Peat, J. Whitehead, R. Langley (capt.), B. Vipond, R. Austin.
Front row : A. Bedard, G. Sisco.



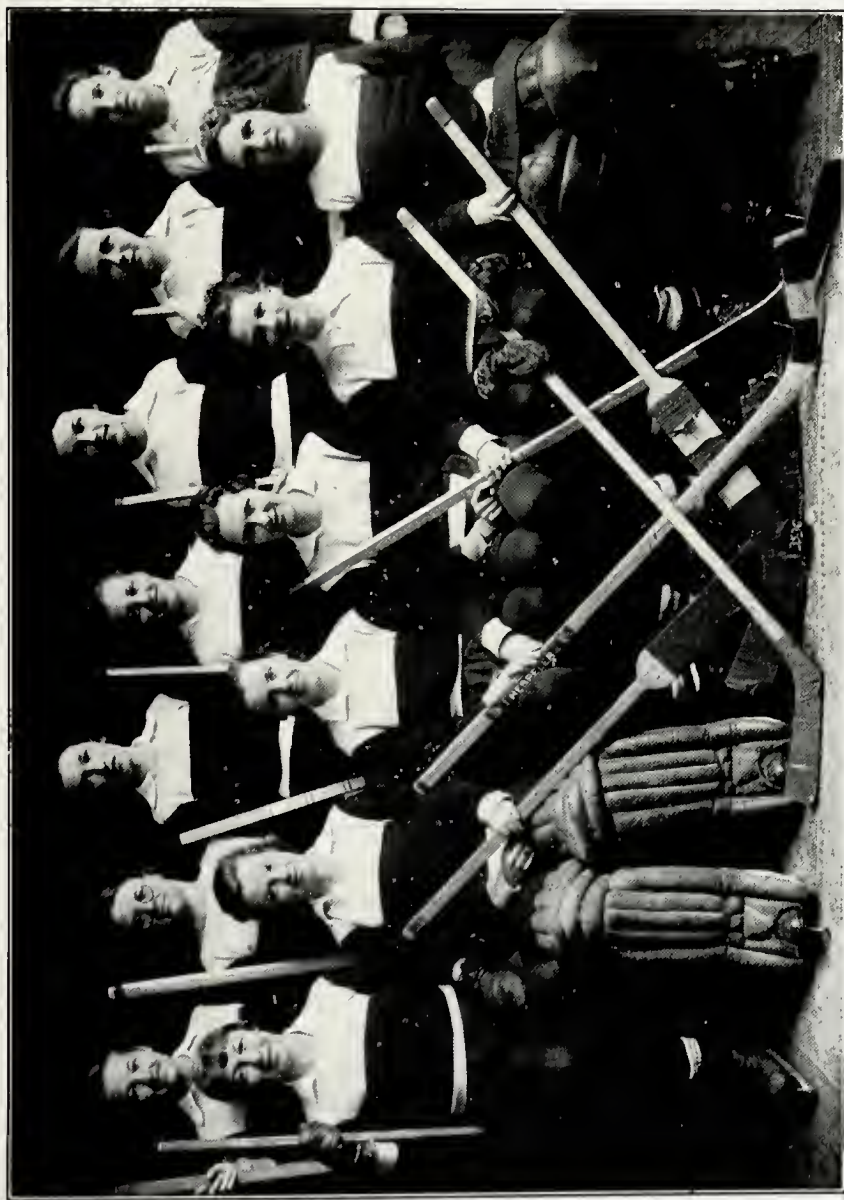
SENIOR BOYS HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: H. Channell, M. Taylor, Mr. F. F. Brown, D. Schofield, B. Gill, R. Langley, G. Sisco, P. Poaps, N. Mullins, R. Haberer
Sitting: D. Gordon, How. Channell, L. Winter (Capt.), B. Vipond, W. Brown.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: Margaret Walsh, Mrs. Amaron (coach), Frances Todd, Anita Laythe, Barbara Bliss, Betty Gardner, Florence Curtis.
 Sitting: Dorothy La Roche, Cora Philip (captain), Anne Pike.



LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: Florence Curtis, Miss Walbridge, Anita Laythe, Mrs. Brown, Cora Philip,
 Betty Gardner, Candace Jenkins.
 Sitting: Mrs. Amaron, Dorothy Kimball, Margaret Hewson, Ann Pike, Barbara Lamb,
 Mrs. McGilton.



M.H.S. vs. S.W.C. Fall 1935



Guess who!



Christie



The Valley



M.H.S. vs. S.W.C. '35



On the banks of the Temiscabie



After Church



Centenary Church



"The Heart"



RUGBY



CADETS



ENTHRONED IN OUR HEARTS



MORE RUGBY

ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD



GIRL GANG



JOLLY JUNIORS



WETTER GANG



AFTER THE JAMBOREE



HIGH JUMP

dor never before equalled, the city of Los Angeles became the City of Athletes. It was a magnificent display of international friendship the United States offered the world and the interests of peace were furthered more by it than by the best efforts of bodies such as the League of Nations.

The Olympic games are not a national event; they are international. Their failure this year would mean the world had failed in its endeavour to bring about peace; it would be a recognition of international hatred, distrust and rivalry. Some countries even now are considering withdrawing from the games; the successful completion of the winter sports has failed to convince them of the sincerity of Germany's promise that the Olympics rise above race, creed, politics or policies. The attitude of such countries, of such individuals, can do no good in the struggle for the advancement of world peace; it can only increase the distrust that leads to wars.

Where the leaders of the countries have failed in their efforts to promote better understanding, the athletes will achieve far greater success. Conferences and treaties may bring about paper security, but a race will create a living bond that crumbling leagues cannot sever.

—Douglas Amaron.

RUGBY

Rugby has always constituted a prominent part of the sports activities of Stanstead College. There have been good teams, and even great teams, which, in the past, fought for the Red and White. But the 1935 edition has stamped itself as one of the greatest squads—possibly the greatest—ever to represent the local institution, and indeed, as one of the greatest school teams in the Province during the past season.

The majority of the players of last year's team were on hand when practices began in September. Several good prospects were discovered among the new ones who reported for duty. Mr. Amaron, ably assisted by Bill Soles and Dean Brown, set to work to mould the available material into a strong squad. How well he succeeded, subsequent victories indicate.

Hampered for a time by the illness of their coach, the squad took a little time to round into form. On September 21, the team played its first game, and ran into trouble in the form of an aggregation of old boys, who set the College team back on their heels to the tune of a 3-1 reverse. This exhibition loss was one of two setbacks suffered by the S. W. C. boys. The other also was an exhibition game—a post-season affair in which Westmount High School eked out a win in the last moment of play.

The team ran berserk throughout the Eastern Townships Interscholastic schedule, crushing their opponents more convincingly with every game. From the start they were obviously far superior to the other

three teams in the circuit, and their winning of the Biron Cup, emblematic of Eastern Townships Interscholastic supremacy, for the second consecutive season, more or less incidental. A squad from Commissioner's High School, Quebec, invaded the local gridiron for the annual clash between the two schools, and proved stiffer opposition, succumbing by a 9-2 score. During the regular schedule the S. W. C. boys piled up 169 points against the opponents, while the latter in turn were chalking up the unimposing total of 6 points against the locals. Having proved their ability, the boys invaded Montreal where on the McGill Campus they played a scoreless draw with Montreal High School.

To all intents and purposes S. W. C.'s rugby activities for 1935 came to an end with the game against Sherbrooke High School on November 2. However, about a week later Westmount High School, annual monarchs of the Montreal school leagues, put in an eager bid for a game on the local field, apparently with the purpose of demonstrating that they were the leading school eleven of the Province.

Mr. Amaron accepted the challenge, the players were hastily reassembled for some attempt at a practice, and on November 11 took the field against the formidable Westmount machine. That game, more than any other, established the worth of the Stanstead outfit. How they managed to cope with the versatile attack of their opponents to the extent that they held them to two single points for 59 minutes of the contest, still remains somewhat of a mystery. A beautifully executed dropkick from the 30-yd. line by Langley, who turned in a scintillating performance throughout, appeared, with a minute to go, to have put the game on ice. However, just when it seemed that the local aggregation was accomplishing the impossible, Westmount turned on the power, and in two successive plays, featuring a long-completed forward pass, swept from their own ten-yard line through a tired, and somewhat disorganized band of athletes, to a touchdown and victory.

Bruce Vipond proved a capable captain for a team, which in the backfield and along the line played aggressive, heads-up rugby. Balance and ability to capitalize on their opponents mistakes, are features of a winning team, and both of these S. W. C. possessed. The fact that almost every player in the squad had a hand in the scoring, speaks for itself.

A junior team was organized during the season, and in its only game against outside opponents, administered a crushing 36-3 defeat to Sherbrooke High School seconds.

Members of the team were: Vipond, Austin, Channell, Langley, Millet, Poaps, Gordon, Haberer, Selby, Schofield, Perkins, Gill, MacLeod, Peat, Sisco, Redheffer, Prichard, Cooper, D'Albenas, Rahr.

BOYS' SENIOR HOCKEY

After a lapse of several seasons, the College once again entered a team in the Border Hockey League this year. Besides their regular league fixtures, the team played a couple of exhibition games against Sherbrooke and Commissioners' High School at Quebec and won both by the shutout route, 6-0 and 1-0. The Border circuit was made up of entries from Ayer's Cliff, Beebe, the College, and Stanstead-Rock Island. Although Beebe finished first under the wire to cop first place in the final league standing, the College boys turned in several strong games and wound up in second place. They showed most strength on the attack, and with the completion of the schedule boasted an average of about five goals a contest against their opponents. The play-offs between Beebe and the College were delayed until well along in March. When the first game finally got under way, the local six took the ice with about half their members disabled. On March 11 Beebe eked out a 5-4 decision over a decimated College aggregation which showed surprising strength and will to win. The play-off series was billed as a best-two-out-of-three affair, but mild weather removed the possibility of further contests—and that was that. All in all, hockey was well represented last winter by the College senior team. Members of the team were Gordon, W. Brown, Schofield, Vipond, Winters (captain), How. Channell, Hec. Channell, Poaps, Mullins, Langley, Sisco, Taylor, Haberer, Standish, Bedard, Dean Brown (coach).

BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL

The senior basketball team concluded an interesting and successful season. In addition to the traditional game with Commissioners' High School at Quebec, in which Quebec emerged victorious by a 34-24 count, contests were held with clans from Sherbrooke and Derby Academy as well as one with the Old Boys.

Scores of the games follow:

Stanstead 41—Sherbrooke 20

Stanstead 26—Sherbrooke 27

Stanstead 20—Derby Academy 21

Stanstead 24—Comm. High School, Quebec, 34

Stanstead 29—Old Boys 40

BOY'S HOUSE-LEAGUE BASKETBALL

This year, as usual, a basketball house-league was organized, in which everyone was invited to participate. A large number turned out and were distributed among the competing teams. The league was divided into two sections. Vipond, Langley and Whitehead captained teams in the

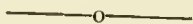
A section, the fourth member being known as the Staff team. The end of the schedule found Langley's squad on top of the heap. Members of Langley's team were: Langley, (captain) Poaps, Schofield, Cooper, Bedard, Millet and Sisco. The four teams in the B section were led by Haberer, Beerworth, MacKay and Boright. Haberer led his men to victory in this section.

BOYS' HOUSE-LEAGUE HOCKEY

As usual House-League hockey was a lot of fun for everybody this year, and on occasions was productive of good hockey. Vipond, Poaps, Haberer, and Schofield were elected to the captaincy of the four teams which made up the league. The teams playing under Vipond and Poaps proved a little better than the other two and qualified for the play-off series to determine the winner of the Patrick Cup. This series was about as close as it could be, and the issue remained in doubt till the final whistle of the third and deciding game. Vipond and his henchmen got the jump in the first game, but Poaps led his team to victory in the second. The third contest remained scoreless until the final canto, when Vipond's six punched home two markers as compared to one obtained by their opponents. Thus for the second consecutive season Vipond captained a team successfully along the road to the Patrick Cup to close another chapter in House-League hockey. Members of the victorious teams were: Vipond (captain), Bedard, Winters, Mullins, Pope, Gill, McGilton, Millet, Slack, La Roche, Huitson.

SPECIAL ITEM

During the latter part of the winter the annual Staff game took place at the local rink. Have you ever beheld the spectacle of a Staff game? If you haven't and happen to be within a hundred miles of Stanstead the next time they stage one, you had better come to see it. There's nothing else quite like it. The motive? Well, apparently it is to find out whether a team of men players, given the use of one hand and a broom, is better than a team (the number of players is unimportant) of lady players given the use of two hands and the conventional hockey stick. However, your reporter is labouring under the suspicion that it is intended solely to be a lot of fun for the participants and a laugh for the spectators.



One Way of Looking at It

Austin: The other teams are all better than we are on the kick-off.

Prichard: Yes, but look at the practice they get.

AYER'S CLIFF TRACK MEET

The Stanstead County Track Meet opened the 1935-36 track season at Ayer's Cliff in September of last year. Stanstead College once again captured the Ayer's Cliff School Board Trophy in hard fought competition with representatives from many schools throughout the country.

INTER-CLASS TRACK MEET

The annual inter-class track meet of Stanstead College was held on the College grounds, Saturday, May 8. The combined teams of grades eight and nine won the school championship and the P. N. Caven cup emblematic of the championship. Grade 10 was a close second. The combined teams of B. B. C. and the Model School were a good third. Grades 11 and 12 brought up the rear. The only record broken was by Cyril Crawford, in the Intermediate pole vault.

INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK MEET

The twelfth Eastern Townships Spring Interscholastic track meet was held in Stanstead, Saturday, May 16, under the auspices of Stanstead College. A record entry of sixteen schools, represented by 196 athletics, participated in the meet. All but one of these schools broke into the scoring column.

Heavy rains during the previous week greatly handicapped the college officials in getting the race track into shape for the meet. Indeed, on Friday morning the south end of the track was completely submerged by water, and a great trench had to be dug to drain it off. The jumping pits were also in very bad condition and rendered the task of setting records very difficult. Interested friends of the college are seriously considering the possibilities of building an adequate quarter-mile cinder track. With the Eastern Townships meet attaining greater and greater proportions every year a good track is becoming an imperative need.

Sherbrooke High School won the aggregate trophy, the Southern Canada Power Cup, with a total of 49 points. Stanstead College came second with 40, and Bishop's College School, third with 39. An interesting duel took place for second position in the final standing. This was not decided until the final event which Stanstead won, with Bishop's placing third.

The senior division winner was F. Sinclair of Sherbrooke, who nosed out Philip Poaps by two points; the intermediate, also of Sherbrooke, was J. Davidson; the junior, B. Ingalls of Danville, while the midget champion was A. McCormick of Drummondville.

Three records were broken during the meet, one by McCormick, in the midget broad jump, one by Ingalls in the junior high jump and one by G. Sprigings of North Hatley in the senior discus. The North Hatley boy broke a record which had been standing since 1926.

Stanstead's failure to place a single point winner in any of the three lower divisions was the principal reason for its inability to get closer to the Sherbrooke championship team. For the first time in twelve years the local school failed to score a point in the 135 points awarded in the midget, junior and intermediate classes.

STANSTEAD-NEWPORT TRACK MEET

On May 21 Newport High School again journeyed to Stanstead for the fourth annual track meet between the two schools. On account of heavy rains the meet had been postponed one day. Though the sky had cleared somewhat on the meet day, a cold wind prevailed. Stanstead was successful in winning the new Britton Moore Cup, a permanent trophy given especially for the annual Newport-Stanstead track meet.

CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

On June 6, the College will run the traditional cross-country race. Inasmuch as a new course will have to be mapped out this year, the winner of the race will also establish a new record. Aside from individual cups for senior and junior winners, a trophy is presented to the class, that can place the first four winners in the senior race.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

During the past season girls' hockey became a real factor in the sports programme of S. W. C. We took part in four major contests against outside opposition, and although on each occasion we finished on the short end of the score, nevertheless we gained the experience which makes for improvement in play. The team was handled by Mrs. Amaron and Mrs. Ferguson, while the players included several members of the teachers' staff. Our first important engagement took place at the local rink on February 1 against the Bishop's College co-eds. Our opponents showed more finish around the net and slipped in three counters while we wasted whatever opportunities we had to score. Final count: Bishop's 3, Stanstead 0. The best struggle of the year locally was staged on February 15 when we met a strong McGill ladies' team. The latter exhibited several star performers in their roster, and showed real ability and polish in their play. In view of these facts the final score was surprisingly close: McGill 2, Stanstead 1. On February 22 we dropped another close one in

a return engagement against Bishop's at Lennoxville. The final gong found Bishop's with 2 goals to their credit, Stanstead with 1. On March 1 we journeyed to Montreal to provide the opposition against McGill on the latter's home ice. Here we found a larger playing surface than that to which we had been accustomed—one factor which brought about our defeat. What was the score, you ask? Well, if we haven't forgotten that by now we hope to some time. At any rate we lost, so let's let it go at that. From these statistics it may be gathered that the past season was an important one. It was. It was also an enjoyable one, and we look back on it with a great deal of pleasure. Members of the team were: Mrs. McGilton, Dorothy Kimball (goal), Miss Walbridge, Anne Pike, Betty Gardener (defense), Mrs. Amaron, Mrs. Brown, Barbara Lamb, Margaret Hewson, Cora Philip, Anita Laythe, Candace Jenkins, Florence Curtis (forwards).

GIRLS' BASKETBALL 1935-36

Basketball this year got off to an early start. A house league was formed consisting of five teams. The first round of league games was run off before Christmas, and the final round after. The winning team of the league was that composed of the lady members of the staff.

Activities of the season were not confined to league games only, for several interscholastic games were played.

The first outside game of the season was against Sherbrooke High School on December 7, in the College gymnasium. It was played under a combination of girls' and boys' rules, as the Sherbrooke team was accustomed to the latter, and our girls to the former. The Stanstead team emerged as the victors, the score being 29-15.

On Friday, February 28, we journeyed to Montreal for a game with a team composed of first year McGill University students. The game was played at 8 p.m. in the gymnasium at the Royal Victoria College. Girls' rules were observed throughout, and the game resulted in a tie 24-24. The members of the Stanstead team were guests at R.V.C. for the week-end, returning home Sunday afternoon.

A week later the team made a trip to Sherbrooke, to play a return game with S. H. S. The S. W. C. girls again proved themselves the superior team by a large margin, the score being 27-10.

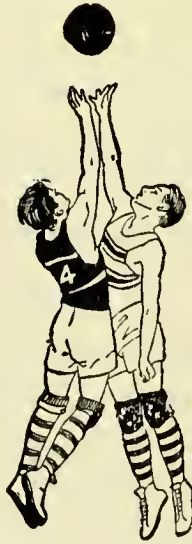
On March 14 a game was arranged with Newport High School. It was played in the College gymnasium, again under a combination of boys' and girls' rules, and resulted in yet another victory for S. W. C., although this time by only a small margin. Score, 26-24.

On the following Saturday another game was played at Stanstead in which Newport H. S. once more furnished the opposition. This was by far the hardest fought game of the season, and resulted in a victory for Newport. Score, 22-15. It was the only defeat met by the S. W. C. senior team during the entire season.

The last encounter was staged against the Lady Teachers, on March 27. This game ended favourably for the senior team, enabling them to finish their season with a victory. The score was 32-28.

The members of the senior team were: Ann Pike, Barbara Bliss and Betty Gardner, guards; Cora Philip, captain; Anita Laythe, Dorothy Laroché, forwards; Florence Curtis, Margaret Walsh and Francis Todd, subs.

Much credit for the team's success was due to our coach, Mrs. Amaron. The ensuing victories were made possible through the fine training which she gave the girls.





ALUMNI NOTES

Alumni Banquet '35

On Saturday night, May 18, an unusually large number assembled in the College dining-room, two extra tables having to be arranged. Many old students after having attended the Eastern Township's track meet in the afternoon remained for the banquet. Following a good turkey dinner, Raymond Wood of Sherbrooke, the president of the Association, called for the toast to the King and President, after which he made the presidential address.

Mr. Norman Woods gave an account of the Montreal branch. He moved that the Alumni Association should undertake to refurnish the College parlors which was seconded by Mrs. Ruth Lamb and was unanimously carried. Mr. L. G. McGilton presented the slate of officers proposed by the nominating committee:

President, Norman P. Woods, Montreal; vice-president, Dr. E. A. Tompkins, Sherbrooke; Mrs. Ruth Lamb, Stanstead; R. Campbell Amaron, Quebec; Earle Beerworth, Ayer's Cliff; secretary-treasurer, Miss Mary Flint; executive members: Principal E. C. Amaron, Mrs. P. M. Poaps, Mrs. F. J. Wilkinson, Raymond Wood; permanent committee: Mrs. Lee Jenkins, Mrs. Bernice McIntosh, Mrs. Ruth Lamb.

Roger McKergow sang a group of songs. The toast to the Alma Mater was proposed by F. S. Rugg, K.C., of Sherbrooke, to which Col. B. B. Morrill replied. Miss Jean Campbell then sang a number of songs.

The toast to the graduating class was given by Dr. W. O. Rothney of Bishop's University and fittingly replied to by Beatrice Walsh.

A beautifully carved pine tablet bearing the inscription "John Colby Memorial Library" was presented to the library through the Alumni Association by E. J. McDougall of Stanstead who designed and carved the tablet in memory of his life-long friend and for the use of his Alma Mater.

The banquet was brought to a close by singing the Alma Mater. The guests were invited to a dance in the gymnasium given by Grade X.

Alumni Banquet '36

On Saturday, May 16, the annual business meeting and banquet were held in the College dining-room which had been charmingly decorated by Mrs. Lamb with many glowing candles and red and white flowers which was an achievement after the severe frost. The turkey dinner was of the usual high quality.

Norman Woods, the president, acted as toast master. After the toast to the King and the President, David M. Legate of the Montreal Star, proposed a toast to the Alma Mater. After eighteen years he remembered with pleasure his experiences here as a student and stressed the importance of the culture and character building which the College has to offer. Earle Beerworth in his reply stated that loyalty to your Alma Mater was most important.

Gordon Pfeiffer of Quebec had sent one of his own beautiful paintings "La Foret des Sapins" which was given to the College in memory of Miss Beek. She had been his inspiration in art and had seen and admired this picture. Mr. Woods made an able and carefully prepared presidential address. The secretary-treasurer, Mary F. Flint, reported \$32.49 in the bank after having paid for the improvements in the parlours. Mr. McGilton was appointed head of the membership committee hoping to establish local branches in many parts of the country. Mr. Amaron and Mr. McGilton were elected as signing officers for the Library fund.

Last year's officers were unanimously re-elected.

The College male quartette, Jim Rahr, Bill Peat, "Happy" Austin and Donald Gordon, sang three songs.

Mr. A. J. Edmison, a lawyer of Montreal, was the speaker of the evening. In his spirited address he showed the correlation between life and sport. He proposed a toast to the graduating classes, who were guests, to which Stanley Beerworth replied in a well thought-out speech. All heartily joined in singing the Alma Mater.

Alumni Tea

One of the most pleasant functions ever held here was the tea given by the local Alumni to the Principal E. C. Amaron and Mrs. Amaron and the teachers who were divided into groups with an old student for each group to act as an introduction committee.

The guests were received by Miss Colby, O.B.E., Mrs. Ruth Lamb, local vice-president, Miss Mary Flint, secretary-treasurer, and Miss Jean McIntosh.

One purpose of the gathering was that all might see what had been done towards refurnishing the parlours which looked lovely having been so ably decorated with masses of flowers by an artistic committee that what still remains to do was hidden and the rooms were so crowded that only the improvements were noticed. With the sun pouring in on the red velour curtains and wrought iron fixtures, the new electric lighting, red portieres and new couch and even the repaired furniture looked well. The visitors were taken to see the library and to sign the Guest Book. They came from far and near, among whom was Mr. Alfred Wood, the editor of the Sherbrooke Record, who has since passed away. Sherbrooke was also represented by Judge White. The following is a list of the out-of-town guests:

Mrs. F. S. Rugg, Mrs. P. M. Robbins, Mr. G. Taylor Mr. Chas. D. White, Mr. E. White, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reid, Mr. Alfred Wood, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Flint, Sherbrooke; Miss Mary Woodyatt, Miss A. L. Ewan, Georgeville; Mrs. H. T. Ross, Shawinigan Falls; Mrs. Poaps, Madame Pourier, Ottawa; Miss Foster, Miss Durland, Derby, Vt.; Mr. Charles Patten, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. B. M. Munderloh, Miss Winnifred Munderloh, Miss Bishop, Westmount; Miss Hubert, Mr. and Mrs. Mayce, Miss Butters, Montreal; Miss Patton, New York; Mr. George Taylor, Fredricton, N.B.; Miss Duval, Miss Cummings, Magog; Miss Wadleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Beerworth, Coaticook; Mr. and Mrs. H. Baldwin, Baldwin's Mills; Mr. and Mrs. J. McKay, North Hatley; Mr. E. K. Windsor, St. Johns, Que.; Mrs. Tinker, Mrs. Pickford, Mrs. Parrish, Beebe; Mr. and Mrs. H. Wells, North Troy, Vt.

Quebec Alumni Tea

Mrs. R. C. Amaron, assisted by Mrs. Arthur Sissons and Miss Victoria Callis, entertained a number of former Stanstead teacher and students on Saturday afternoon at her home on Park Avenue, Que. Principal Amaron was present and was asked to say a few words to the alumni present. Miss Gale and Mrs. Stanley McMullan presided at the tea table. Among those present were the following: Principal Amaron and Mr. F. T. Brown of the college staff, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. McMullan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sissons, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Billings, Miss Gale, Miss Callis, Miss Rolande Levesque, Miss Evelyn Simons, Mr. William Ross, Mr. Gus. Seifert, Mr. Gordon Pfeiffer, Mr. W. Soles, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Ernest Carter, Miss Dorene Melrose, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Amaron.

IN MEMORIAM

We extend our sympathy to the relatives and friends of the following: Henry C. Hunter who died in New York May 15, 1936. An early graduate of the College he was a well known corporation lawyer and counsel for the National Council of American Shipbuilders. He wrote "How England got its Merchant Marine" and presented the College library with an autographed copy. He also gave a large oil painting and an electric gramophone and was the originator of the plan for the "John Colby Memorial Library." He was a founder and former president of the Canadian Club of New York City.

James Atwood, a pianist and organist in Boston until he removed to Berkeley, Cal., where he remained until his death which occurred recently. In his youth here he was a friend and an accompanist of Eugene Cowles.

Mrs. Lewis A. Young, nee Harriet Boyton, who died March 5 at her home here. She was a granddaughter of Benjamin Hubbard who wrote "Forest and Clearings." She had a very lovely voice and at the "Temple of Fame" took the part of Albani.

Mary McDuffe, daughter of the late Dr. J. W. McDuffee who died at Glover, Vt., December 24. Her great dramatic ability in both humorous and dramatic roles will be remembered by many old students.

Frank H. Pitcher, son of Rev. J. Tallman Pitcher, who died in Montreal. He was a graduate of McGill in Science and for twenty-six years was an engineer in charge of the Montreal Water and Power Co.

Harold H. Merrill who died at his home in Rock Island January 29 after a long illness bravely borne.

Mrs. H. W. Merrill, nee Elizabeth MacFadden, who died here February 11, less than two weeks after the death of her son, Harold. Her husband had predeceased her by only a few months. Another son, Ralph Merrill is the only surviving member of the family.

Bernard E. Morey of Andover, N.H., who died suddenly of heart failure. He was a nephew of Mr. A. H. Martin. He was a student at Bugbee in 1902.

Elwin H. Libby, who died at his home, Portsmouth, N.H., April 26.

Dora Davis, who died at her home in Boynton, May 8.

Sybil Smith, a graduate of Bugbee, who died November 12, at Providence Hospital.

Walter P. Baxter, who died in Pasadena, California. His ashes were brought here for burial.

Mrs. E. Chartier, née Dorothy Haris, who died March 9, at her home in Griffin.

Mrs. Jessie Victoria Bannister, who died February 15, at La Verna, California. She was the widow of the late Mr. Bannister, who was principal of Stanstead College just before Dr. Flanders. She was a sister of Mrs. Benjamin Ball. She died of pneumonia, only being ill two days.

Mr. Edwin Hanson who died at his home in Montreal, October 25. He had been a trustee of the College and always a great friend. His two eldest daughters, Gertrude and Leila, were students here for some years. He was a member of the original firm of Hanson Bros., brokers, which has had such a long history as one of the best known and most reliable firms.

MARRIAGES

Our best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas Campbell, née Anne Colquhoun, who were married August 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kerwin, née Blanche Hugstrom, who were married at Christ Church, Stanstead, September 13 and are living in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kitchen, née Mary Baldwin, who were married at Centenary Church, Stanstead, September 21 and reside in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick MacLennan, née Mary Pierce Colby, who were married May 20 in Christ Church Cathedral in Montreal. The bride was given away by her father, Dr. C. W. Colby. Harriet Colby and Nancy Butters were bridesmaids and John Colby an usher. They will spend their

honeymoon in England and Scotland. They will reside in Montreal.

Dr. and Mrs. H. Borden Marshall, née Gwendolyn Halpenny, who were married at Cornwall, Ont., May 2. Her father, Dr. Halpenny, assisted by Rev. P. N. Caven performed the ceremony. Dr. Gerald Halpenny was one of the ushers. They will reside in Midland, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Hughes, née Jean Croll, were married August 31 at Williamstown. They will reside in Montreal, as Mr. Hughes has a position in the Sun Life Co., of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Wilder, née "Bunty" Greenbank, who were married in Montreal and will reside in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Smith, née Rachel Annie Allegra Doyle, who were married in Manchester, England, May 15, 1935.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Robert Irwin Dean, née Edith Adela Fee, who were married in Westmount Park Church and will reside in Westmount.

Mr. and Mrs. Dent Harrison, Jr., née Alma Edna Johnson, who were married September 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald T. Gilbert, née Edith Mousley, who were married November 30. She was attended by her sister, Evelyn Mousley. They will reside in Germantown, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Curtis, née Catherine Renihan, who were married June 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Stockwell, née Ruth Moore, who were married in Quebec City July 30.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Humphrey, née Dorothy Kezar, who were married August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lawton, née Mildred Searles, who were married August 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Neil Taylor, née Marjory Chapmen, who were married October 3, and will reside in Burlington, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. Brouillette, née Gertrude Goodsell, who were married April 20, and will reside in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Heath, née Marjory Brock, married August 27.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barker, née Shelia Rollit, who were married last summer and reside at Cowansville.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Baldwin, who were married May 25, and will reside at Rouyn, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Merrill, née Laura Stata of Montreal, were married at Stanstead May 30.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tilton, a son, Lawrence Frances, December 20, 1934.

To Mr. and Mrs. Drummond Curtis, a son, William Homer, December 24, 1935.

To Mr. and Mrs. Percy Poaps, née Lois Hovey, a son, Richard Andrew, December 17.

To Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gaffield, née Ruth Lyon, a daughter, August 18.

To Prof. and Mrs. H. S. Hamilton, née Dorothy Irvine, a son, Aug. 19.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald McGregor Hackett, a son, Donald William, July 25.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alden Peasley, née Hazel Nettleton, a son, George Albert, September 11.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Gordon, née Margaret Henley, a daughter, Margaret Cynthia Ann, February 10.

To Mr. and Mrs. Morris Moore, née Grace Copp, a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, April 22.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. Chartier, née Dorothy Davis, a daughter, March 7.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Norman Flint, a daughter, Elizabeth Margaret, May 4.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Martin announce the engagement of Maude Elizabeth, their daughter, to Herman Goodhue Stockwell.

Catherine D. Hobson and Jerry Riddell are to be married June 13.

Currie Goodsell and Edgar Hill are to be married early in June.

Of the Quebec-Sherbrooke Presbytery representatives to the General Council of the United Church to be held in Ottawa next September, six of the eight are connected with the college. Clergy: Dr. Philp, Dr. Lennan; alternates: Mr. Carson, Mr. Johnson; laymen, Mr. P. C. Duboyce; alternate, Mr. J. D. McFadyen.

The 1935-36 programme of the St. James Literary Society of Montreal which has been issued contains the names of three former Stanstead students: W. W. Werry, C.A., is to speak on "The Changing Theatre"; Errol C. Amaron, B.A., D.D., is speaking on "Paul Elmer More-Shelburn Essays," while Stewart H. Ross, M.Sc., will address the society on "The Great Snow Age."

Mrs. H. H. Silliker, née Hazel Brown, with her two children motored here last summer from Hollywood to visit old friends and continuing then to Prince Edward Island, returned to Hollywood where she had taught for eleven years.

Mr. Harry Vilus who is now in England, is the head of his firm in Cowansville, and has added to the manufacture of school desks, etc., maple furniture which is very popular.

Dr. Wilbur C. Lowry, here 1907-9 with his wife and daughter Beatrice, visited his father in Lennoxville last summer. His home is at Carmbois, Blyth, Northumberland, England. He interrupted his medical course in order to serve at the front but returned to McGill and finished. He later studied in Edinburgh.

J. A. Flanders visited his aunt, Mrs. Sidney Stevens this spring, he is superintendent of the Winnipeg division of the Sun Life.

Marking fifty years of service as a banker a complementary banquet was tendered Mr. D. W. Davis, president of the National Bank of Derby Line, he was presented with a chain and charm. Many friends were present both local and from a distance.

Miss Jessie Colby, O.B.E., and Mrs. Aikins returned to Montreal from California to be present at the wedding of their niece, Mary Colby on May 20.

Rev. Roy Stafford conducted a Sunrise Easter Service at the Look-out on Mt. Royal. The music for the service was provided by a brass quin-

tette conducted by Hugh Layhen.

Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Lindsay, née Aliee Taylor, are home in Montreal on furlough. He was the first western dentist to go to China as a missionary, and in 1918 he founded a dental faculty. They first met at Stanstead where they were both students.

A new chapter of the I. O. D. E. has been formed in Winnipeg, called the "Lady Aikens" chapter. In honour of Lady Aiken, née Mary Colby, who as wife of the Lieut.-Governor, was honorary president of the Order in Manitoba. The motto of the chapter is "carry on," of which her life was a grand example.

Col. W. C. Craig is the new president of the Board of Trade of North Battleford, Sask., where a large department store, one of a chain, belong to Craig Bros., is situated.

Campbell Amaron has been appointed assistant supervisor of French in the Department of Education, Quebec.

Tommy Southwood graduated in dentistry at McGill last year and since has specialized at the Montreal General Hospital. He has now opened an office at 118 Wellington Street, Sherbrooke.

Breton Moore has given a second cup for competition in athletics at Stanstead.

Gordon Pfeiffer held another exhibition at Eaton's Gallery and had some of his painting included in the spring and autumn exhibitions at the Art Gallery, Montreal.

Mr. E. C. Amaron was elected vice-president of the Eastern Townships branch of the Alumni Society of McGill.

Bert Taylor is in charge of the fish hatcheries of the Province of Quebec. In a paper which he gave at the national meeting in Ottawa he told how the Laurentian Lakes might be stocked by dropping the small fish from an airplane.

Elsie McIntosh who from 1921-1933 has been in Japan becoming the National Industrial Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. She has been interested chiefly in the work of women and girls in industry. She has travelled extensively bringing her knowledge of conditions up to an international standard. She took post-graduate work at Columbia, and this summer will conduct a "World Forum" tour to Japan under the committee on International Travel for adult study of world activities.

Mrs. Chas. Lindsay, Jr., née Molly Whiteher of Wayne, Ill., returned the last of April for the burial of her aunt, Miss Aliee Whiteher. Her special work has been for Girl Scouts having been commissioner while her husband was doing war work in Washington and now has an even wider field in the Middle West, with Chicago as centre. She was greatly interested in all the College activities and has become a member of the Alumni.

Mrs. Nelson Byer's, née Pearle Walker, of Concord, N.H., and Mrs. Nelson Knowlton, née Naney Walker, of East Lynn, Mass., brought the body of their mother for burial in Heathton. Their father, the late Archie Walker, was an old commercial student and they sent a table which he had made to study on to their sister, Maude, Mrs. Walter Corliss, in Alberta.

An unusually large number of resident students are the children of near relatives of Alumni. Peggy Brooks is the daughter of Murray Brooks, Frances Wilkinson is the daughter of Eva Tompkins. Ruth and Keith

Baldwin are the children of Harold Baldwin and their grandparents were also alumni. Betty Hall, daughter of Bessie Timberlake; Bill and Joan Peat, children of Frank Peat; Kay Lyons, sister of Ruth Lyons (Mrs. Gaffield); Frances Todd, daughter of Harold Todd; Margaret Walsh, sister of Beatrice Walsh and ward of Oscar Bunt; Margaret Rider, daughter of Claude Rider; Frances Walbridge, a teacher, and Dorothy Walbridge, daughters of Ally Walbridge; Stanley Beerworth, son of Ray Beerworth; Ralph Whitehead, brother of Gerry Whitehead; Paul d'Albenas, brother of Grace d'Albenas. The fathers of Frances Dolloff, Jack MacKay and Thayne McGilton were all old students, and Margaret Hewson is the cousin of Margaret and Louise Martin. Several others belong to families, many of whom came to Stanstead.

Miss Gwendolyn Hodgson has received a scholarship from the Montreal Morning Music Club and will study violin in London for a year.

We are pleased to have Jean Campbell back after a year's absence in Montreal as soloist at Christ Church Cathedral.

Lorne MacDonald has returned to the College as stenography teacher.

Mrs. Morgan Knowlton, née Ruth Libby, received the King's Silver Jubilee Medal. She is principal of Cowansville Academy.

The McGill Grads basketball team has as manager, Jerry Dixon and Jerry Halpenny as a guard.

Bill Stockwell came first in his first year dentistry and now has repeated his victory in his second year.

Mrs. Lilian Beach Bly has for some years been house-mother at a boys' school at Lake Placid, N.Y.

Lucy Stockwell and Mrs. A. J. McIntosh of Ayer's Cliff took an interesting trip last autumn to the Pacific Coast.

Margaret Masten is teaching at Compton Ladies' College.

Douglas Hyndman is manager of the St. Lawrence Paper Co. at Three Rivers.

Donald Barker is manager, and his brother, George Barker, is assistant manager of the Barker Sign Painting Co., in Cowansville.

Dr. E. A. Tompkins of Sherbrooke is ship's doctor on cruises going from New York to the West Indies and South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Pardy Baldwin with their son, Philip, have just returned from a motor trip to California where they spent the winter and visited their son Eugene.

Dorothy Flint, R.N., took the post-graduate nurses course at McGill last year graduating as supervisor. She has been assistant superintendent at Niagara Falls General Hospital during the winter, doing all the teaching.

Doris Graham is taking a forty-seven day trip to the Mediterranean this summer.

Alice Parker will be at the Westmount High School this winter. She has taught at Shawinigan since leaving here.

Miss Whitmore is graduating from Varsity in Domestic Science.

Dr. E. P. Ball has returned to Lec Farm after spending the winter in Boston in order to be near his daughter, Florence, who has a position there.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Riard spent the winter in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Corey spent the winter in Melbourne, Fla. Mrs.

Corey was for some years in charge of the College Hospital.

Mr. D. W. Davis has been appointed judge of the Probate Court of Vermont.

Mrs. Sowden, née Gertrude Abbott, and Cathering Stewart motored here last summer from California. They returned for the winter, and spent a month in Honolulu at Easter time.

Mary MacIntyre, R.N., came to Stanstead to attend the funeral of her little niece, Mary Elizabeth Brock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brock, née Iris MacIntyre, who died in New York January 9.

Eva Clendinnen is a teacher in a vocational school at Fort William, Ont. She visited old friends in Stanstead last summer, accompanied by her father Rev. Geo. Clendinnen, D.D., and her sister, Beatrice, who was born at the parsonage here.

Kay Bready is a nurse-in-training at the Sherbrooke General Hospital.

Margaret Philp has taken a post-graduate course at Varsity.

Pauline Neveu attended the French summer school at McGill.

Tom Bready obtained a position in a large company in New York shortly after arriving there last June.

The Alumni rugby team won 3 to 1 against the College.

Bill Soles is on the engineering staff of the Angle-Canadian Pulp and Paper Co. in Quebec City.

Johnny Riddell, former student in the Model School, came first in his final year in Mining Engineering at McGill.

Clayton Sterling is with Beck's Press, Lennoxville.

Eric Jacobson was engineer for the Caughnawaga Bridge.

Mr. Harold Channell of the Royal Bank in Hamilton with his wife and two sons spent his vacation with his father, Mr. George Channell, and his sister, Miss Susie Channell, at Stanstead.

Adrienne Cameron expects to go ahead in the autumn to study in England or Scotland.

Alfred Bissonnet and Ruston Lamb are graduating in Arts at Bishop's this year.

Lee and Frank Heath have been working for their M.A. at Bishop's.

Peggy Lamb, Elinor MacDonald and Marion Best are at McGill in first year.

Freda Bindman took second year at McGill.

Beatrice Walsh is at Queens.

Alice Turner and Viola Astle are at MacDonald.

Arthur Smith and Don Ross are at Queens.

John Colby took first year Arts at McGill.

Rebecca Scott has completed her third year at McGill.

Esther Irving is supervising dietician of all C.P.R. Hotels travelling from coast to coast.

Gerry Whitehead has a position in a coal firm.

Miss Katherine Flint has returned to Derby Line after spending the winter in California.

Max Ferrill is manager of the Coaticook branch of the Royal Bank.

Gordon Billings, a Bugbee graduate is manager of a paper company at Three Rivers.

Eli Bushnell is in a branch of the Royal Bank in Montreal.

Col. and Mrs. B. B. Morrill spent the winter at Daytona Beach, Fla. Jack Witzel, former dean of boys, played a standout game of rugby for Varsity against McGill.

Walter Stockwell and Johnny Riddell were on the McGill team.

Ruth Pomeroy and her sister Winona, Mrs. Jack MacDougal of Brantford, Ont., spent part of the summer at their cottage at Bacon's Bay.

John Legate who attended the banquet with his brother David is a civil engineer in Montreal.

Catherine Jean MacKenzie is taking a course in dress-designing in the Pratt School of Design in New York. Her sister, Mary, finished Grade 12 at the age of fifteen and intends to go to McGill next year. The girl's father, Rev. A. H. MacKenzie, is stationed at Regina, but expects to preach at Hamilton, Ont., in July and may visit Stanstead.

Rev. Mr. Morris is going from Sackville to St. Stephen. His son, Hubert, and daughter, Edith, have finished their college courses.

Stewart Ross in June will take charge of a field party for the Dominion Geological Survey going to North Western Quebec.

Eddie and Anne Marie DuBois were present at the banquet. Eddie has just finished his last exams for chartered accountant.

Douglas Amaron will receive his B.A. degree at the McGill convocation. After a weeks' vacation here he has returned to his position as reporter for the Canadian Press.

Mr. and Mrs. Ulrie A. Lanoue, née Adelle Baldwin, will return from the Belgian Congo for a year's furlough. They are stationed at Kimpese Mission. He has a fellowship at Union Theological College, and she will take a course at Clumbia. Their three-year-old son, Robert, will be at Horace Mann Nursery School.

Mrs. Dorothy Sproule, who as Dora Corrigan attended the College, has given the College library her four volumes of poetry. The last "Earth and Stars," was very favourably reviewed by Morgan-Powell. She has received acknowledgement from the secretary to the late King George for the gift of the first three volumes and from the Hon. Howard Ferguson for the inclusion of similar copies in the projected library at Canada House in London. The following is one of her nature poems.

THE SOUL OF BEAUTY

So much there is to bind us to this earth;
Spring's beauty, with its verdure and perfume
O new green woods, and flowers all in bloom,
As Nature brings her vagrant charms to birth.

There's sadness, too, in beauty so profound,
The ecstasy and pain of transient things,
Man seeks, with wistful wanderings the world round
For comfort, that complete fulfillment brings.

He finds behind earth's beauty, Heaven's Plan,
Beyond the fairy form of leaf and flower;
A Life,—a Love, a great Supernal Power
Uniting all this earth with God and man.

—Dorothy Sproule.

